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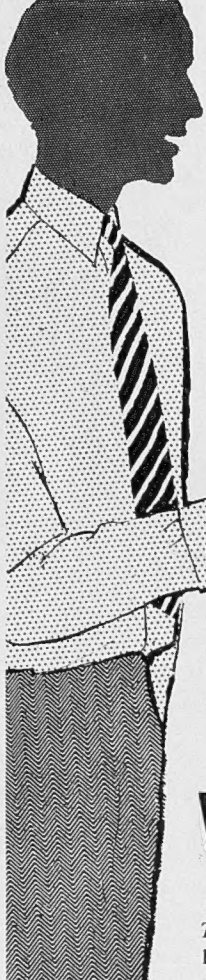
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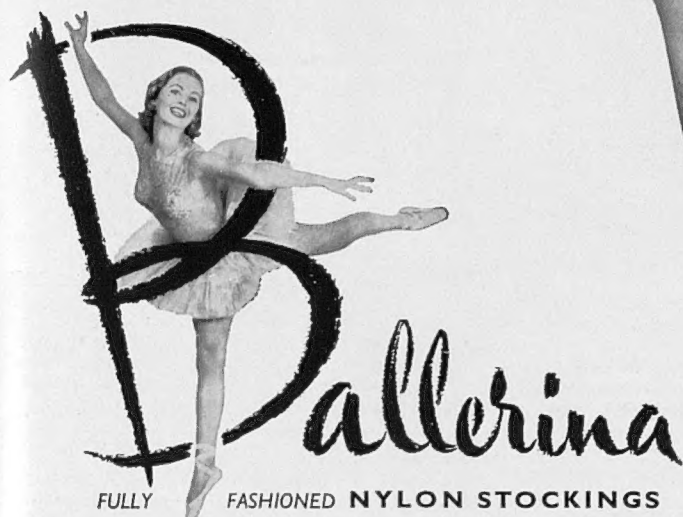
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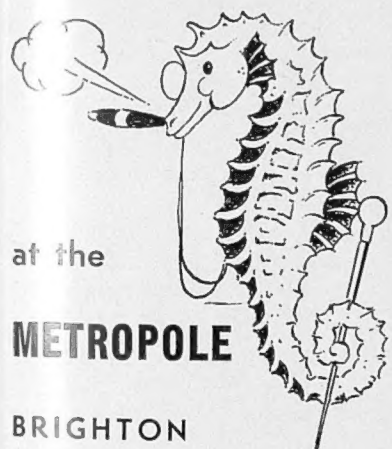


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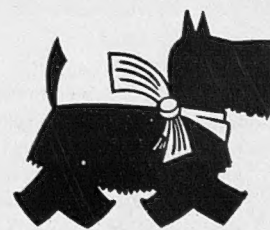
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TWEEDS SCARVES





Desmond O'Neill

MRS. ATHINA (TINA) ONASSIS, the London-born daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stavros Livanos, is the wife of Mr. Aristotle Socrates Onassis, the prominent Greek shipowner. Mr. and Mrs. Onassis have two children, Alexander aged eight and Christina aged six, and spend a good deal of their time in Monte Carlo, where they recently entertained Sir Winston Churchill on their yacht the Christina. This lovely picture of Mrs. Onassis shows what a complete recovery she has made from injuries received in a motor accident at St. Moritz in March

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 30 to June 6

**May 30 (Wed.)** Prince Philip attends the Cavalcade of Sport at the White City.

Princess Marie-Louise attends a dinner ball in aid of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association at the May Fair Hotel.

First night of *Off The Mainland* at the Arts Theatre.

Dances: The Hon. Lady Stockdale for Miss Anne-Louise Stockdale at the Ironmongers' Hall. Mrs. Ronald Pelham Burn and Mrs. Theodore Palmers for Miss Flavia Pelham Burn and Miss Evelyn Palmers, at 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing at York (Yorkshire Cup) and Windsor.

**May 31 (Thur.)** The Queen's Official Birthday; Her Majesty takes the salute at her Birthday Parade, Horse Guards' Parade, 11 a.m. Trooping the Colour.

Reception at South Africa House given by the High Commissioner to celebrate Union Day.

Cocktail party: Mrs. Farrant Gillham for her daughter Ann at 29 Burton Court, Lower Sloane Street.

British-American Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Racing at York and Windsor.

**June 1 (Fri.)** The Queen attends the first Guards Club dinner at the Dorchester Hotel.

Dances: Lady Prudence Loudon (small dance) for her daughter, Miss Katherine Loudon, Olanthigh, Wye; The Hon. Lady Rose (small dance) for her daughter, Miss Margaret Rose, 42 Lowndes Street. Mrs. Warde and Mrs. Villiers-Smith (small dance) for their daughters, Miss Susan Warde and Miss Clarissa Villiers-Smith, Squerryes Court, Westerham.

The Cotswold Hunt Summer Ball at Calmsden Manor.

Phyllis Court Club, Henley, Golden Jubilee Ball.

Racing at Sandown and Leopardstown.

**June 2 (Sat.)** Oxford University Conservative Associa-

tion Garden Party at Blenheim Palace, 2.30 p.m. Cocktail party: The Hon. Mrs. Antony Samuel and Mrs. Johnson Houghton for Miss Dawn Johnson Houghton at Heywood, Cobham, Surrey.

Racing at Sandown, Thirsk, Leicester.

Household Brigade polo, Smith's Lawn, Windsor (also Sunday).

**June 3 (Sun.)** Heifetz Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, 7.30 p.m.

**June 4 (Mon.)** The Queen and Prince Philip visit Stockton-on-Tees and Middlesbrough, and later embark for their state visit to Sweden in the Royal Yacht Britannia.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother dines at Middle Temple on Grand Day.

Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton College.

Racing at Nottingham.

**June 5 (Tues.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits Queen Mary College, London University. Princess Margaret goes to the Highland Light Infantry Regimental cocktail party at the United Service Club.

Golf: Ladies' Invitation Meeting at Roehampton. Dinners: The Royal Horse Guards at Claridge's; the Coldstream Guards at the Savoy; the Irish Guards at the Dorchester.

Glaziers' Banquet at the Mansion House.

Dances: Mrs. John Hopkinson and Mrs. Francis Hopkinson for Miss Marika Hopkinson and Miss Teresa Hopkinson, in London; Mrs. John Pascoe for Miss Belinda Pascoe at 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing: Epsom Summer Meeting.

**June 6 (Wed.)** Cambridge May Week opens.

Royal Tournament at Earl's Court (till June 23).

Dances: Mrs. Victor Seely for Miss Alexandra Seely, in London. Mrs. Ronald Barbor (small dance) for Miss Valerie Barbor, May Fair Hotel.

Racing at Epsom (The Derby).

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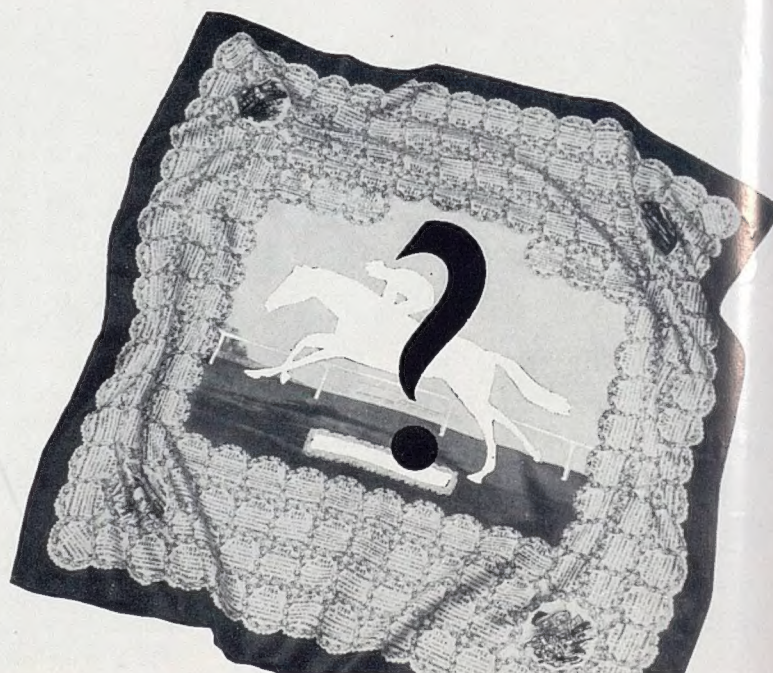
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## A Scottish chieftain's wife and children

MRS. JAMES RATTRAY of Craighall-Rattray is the wife of the twenty-eighth chief of the Rattrays of Perthshire. She is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. I. D. Guthrie, M.C., of Guthrie Castle, Angus. With her are her four children, Emma, Lachlan, Patrick,

eight years old and Ivan six and a half. The Laids of Rattray take their name from the feudal Barony of Rattray which was in their possession before surnames were first adopted in Scotland. The present Laird served with the Scots Guards during the war





*Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh leading her daughter Sally Ann on Black Magic*

## Royally reviewed

THE QUEEN, Prince Philip and their two children were present at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, which was held in the Home Park, Windsor, Her Majesty presenting the prizes to winners



*Miss Jan White taking a jump in the Children's Open Jumping which she won on Full Cry*



*The Hon. Mrs. E. L. Jackson, Mr. Richard Sale and Mrs. Peter Lendrum*

*Mrs. Michael Stratton and Major the Hon. A. Baillie who judged the cobs*



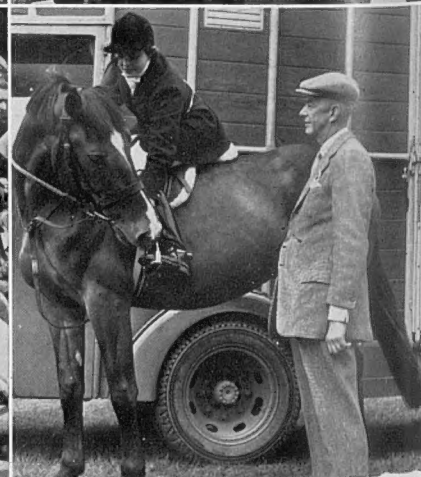
*Jill Tye, who was first in the Leading Rein class*



*Lady Rosemary Muir and Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh*



*Miss Sally Whitelaw and Miss Sarah Platt*



*The Hon. Susan Money-Coutts and Lord Latymer*





PRINCE CHARLES gives a tit-bit to one of the ponies during a break in the polo tournament on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, in which his father Prince Philip was playing. The Queen watches her son attentively while Princess Anne's attention is taken up by activities in the field

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# A GREAT SHOW AT WINDSOR

THE Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Margaret attended the one floodlit evening session of the Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park of Windsor Castle. Happily it was a fine evening for this very enjoyable programme, the main features of which were a training practice by the British Olympic Three-Day Horse Trials team, which included the Queen's horse Countryman, the Hack Championship which was won for the third year running by Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh on her nice hack Blithe Spirit, and a parade of foxhounds. There was also a six-bar jumping competition, a polo match with a soft ball which proved very amusing, and finally a musical ride by the Household Cavalry and the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards which, I heard from those present, was beautifully done, and a brilliant spectacle.

I WENT down next morning, which was the final day and found the Duchess of Norfolk and Mrs. Philip Flemming very busy judging some big classes of children's ponies. In that for ponies not exceeding 12.2 hands Mrs. J. Reiss's outstanding chestnut mare Cuban Biddy Bronze, extremely well ridden by Miss Virginia Booth-Jones, was the winner. The Champion Pony of the Show was Col. and Mrs. Bullen's Silver Slipper, ridden by Miss Jenny Bullen. The Queen arrived just before this class, accompanied by Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who both watched the judging with the keenest interest. The next event was the jumping competition for the Queen's Challenge Cup by Services teams. Sixteen teams had entered, and the Cup was won by the King's Troop of the Royal Horse

Artillery who received it from the Queen.

The Duke of Beaufort, President of this show (in my opinion the best run and most enjoyable horse show of the whole year) was present, and I saw Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, Brig. Walter Sale, Mr. Geoffrey Cross, the very go-ahead chairman of the racecourse committee, and Mr. Ian Hezlett, the vice-chairman.

Others watching the judging while I was there included Lady Violet Vernon who judged the Ladies' Hunters very efficiently on the opening day with Mrs. D. Brown and Lady Rosemary Muir, whose brother, the Marquess of Blandford, was one of the "working hunter" judges. She was talking to Mr. Philip Profumo, the new joint-Master of the Warwickshire Hounds.

NEARBY were Col. Gerard Leigh, who commands the Household Cavalry, and his attractive wife, Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell and their daughter Zia, talking to Mrs. Mackintosh, and Cdr. Kenneth Kemble chatting with Mr. Oliver Gilbey, whose wife was also present.

Among other personalities of the showing world I saw there were Mrs. "Geoff" Phipps Hornby, whose husband is, alas, still in plaster as the result of a riding accident, Major and Mrs. Faudel-Phillips, who were both judging, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Blackmore, Mr. Horace Smith and Mr. John Ferguson, whose young daughter was competing in the children's pony classes.

Many serving officers of the Household Cavalry were present, some of whom took part in the jumping competition. I saw Viscount Galway with Capt. Tony Chiesman and his wife, Mr. Thomas Dunne and Capt. the Hon.

Nicholas Beaumont and his very charming wife, who was in a yellow tweed suit.

★ ★ ★

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE, as president, made a stirring speech of welcome and proposed the Loyal Toast at the Distinguished Visitors' Dinner held at the Savoy Hotel in the presence of a large number of eminent guests. The speeches were kept as brief as possible as there was quite a big list of speakers. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the very efficient and gracious chairman of the dinner, made a delightful speech proposing the health of the president, and H.E. Senor Dr. Don Robert Gonzalez de Mendoza, the very popular Cuban Ambassador, replied very eloquently on behalf of the guests to Her Highness's welcome.

Viscountess Kilmuir, one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country, then gave the toast of "The Commonwealth" to which H.E. the High Commissioner for Ceylon, Sir Claude Corea, responded. He was followed by the Portuguese Ambassador, H.E. Senhor Pedro Theotónio Pereira, who, speaking in a light vein, proposed the toast of "The Ladies," which was replied to by Mme. Guerrero, the young and attractive wife of the Philippines Ambassador.

Numerous members of the Diplomatic Corps, several accompanied by their wives, attended the dinner. Besides those I have already mentioned they included the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie, the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, the

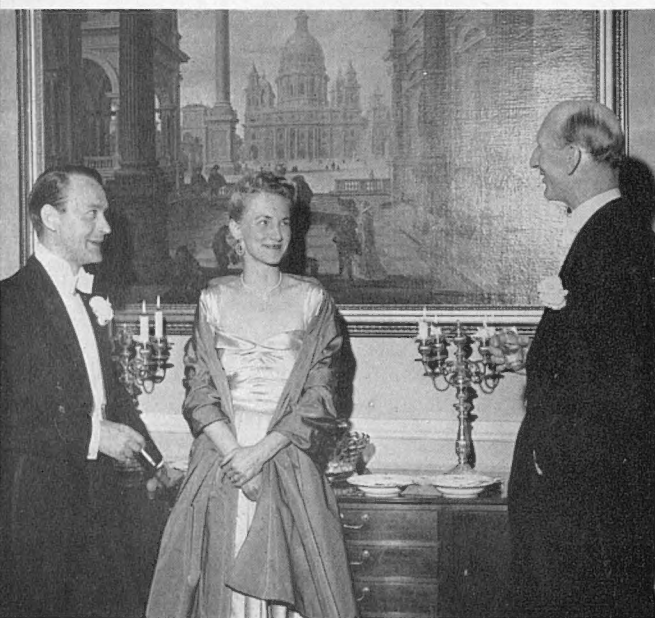
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## An Embassy début

THE Danish Embassy made a gracious setting for the coming-out dance of Miss Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack, and Miss Anne de Steensen-Leth, daughter of H.E. the Danish Ambassador. They are seen above standing beside their mothers



Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Scheel and Count Brockenhuus-Schack

Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham and the Hon. Susan Remnant



Mr. Richard Westmacott and Miss Victoria Stebbin



Miss Juliet Anderson and Mr. John Fordham

Danish Ambassador and Mme. de Steensen-Leth, the German Ambassador and Mme. von Herwarth, and the Afghan Ambassador; also the Ambassadors for Indonesia, Dominica and Nicaragua. Lady Bruce-Gardner, the vice-chairman was at Top Table. Elizabeth Lady Cory brought a big party including Viscount and Viscountess Bruce of Melbourne, Lord and Lady Blackford and Sir Edward Peacock, while Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys also had a big party who sat at a big table near Top Table. They included Capt. Campbell McCallum, who acted as host for Sir Weldon who, like his wife, was sitting at Top Table, the Earl and Countess of Halsbury, Lord and Lady Cullen, Sir Edward Boulton, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Millar and Mrs. Margaret Mackay, the well-known American authoress.

Others present at the dinner were Lord McGowan with Princess Melikoff, Miss Madalena Theotónio Pereira, Sir John Ruggles-Brise, Lady Blane, Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, Lady Cynthia Colville, Mrs. Rowland Rank, Mrs. Vernon Tate and Lady Cohen.

This dinner has become a most popular event in the London season under the dynamic chairmanship of Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, and this year all the tickets were sold out three weeks before the evening.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most colourful and spectacular functions of the London season is the Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House, when the majority of men wear the kilt, and the women tartan sashes on their evening dress. The ball is exceptionally well run under the personal supervision of Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, who always makes it a successful evening. This year I arrived in time to hear the pipers and drummers of the Scots Guards play in the ballroom, then watched a really excellent display of piping and dancing by children of the Royal Caledonian Schools. The credit for much of this fine display goes to Pipe Major Charles Turnbull under whose tuition the boys and girls have learned to pipe and dance. The Royal Caledonian Schools are among those who benefit from the proceeds of the ball, together with the Royal Scottish Corporation and other Scottish charities.

The Countess of Dunmore was once again chairman of the ball and Lady Ogilvy chairman of the set reel committee. These set reels

started the evening off, when the Duke of Atholl partnering the Countess of Errol marched into the ballroom at the head of the Atholl Highlanders. In this sixteensome were Col. Sir Douglas Ramsay, of Banff, Major and Mrs. Andrew Drummond Moray, Lt.-Col. Ian Murray, Miss Anneli Drummond Hay, Capt. John and Lady Gillian Anderson, Capt. Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, Miss Auriol Hay Drummond, Mr. G. I. Murray, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, Viscount Stormont and the Countess of Dunmore's débutante granddaughter, Miss Sara Oldfield.

LORD and Lady Ogilvy, the latter wearing her tartan sash on a champagne coloured tulle dress, were dancing together in No. 1 Highland Reel, also a sixteensome. With them were Mr. Ruairaidh Hilleary and his wife, who looked very pretty in a lovely white crinoline and a pearl tiara, Mr. Hugh Walker-Munro, the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay, Mr. David Liddel-Grainger partnering Miss Gay Lowson. Mr. Robin Hill, Mr. Hugh Lindsay, Mr. Miles Huntington-Whiteley dancing with Miss Laila Noble (daughter of our Ambassador in Poland), and Miss Caroline Hill. Others I noticed dancing in the set reels were Miss Petronella Elliot in *eau de nil* tulle partnered by Major N. D. P. Bosville Macdonald in the Scots Guards reel, in which Miss Caroline Butler was dancing with Capt. N. G. Ramsay.

The Patronesses' dais was full most of the evening and watching the dancing from here were the Countess of Dunmore, her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Lord and Lady Reay and Lady Campbell-Orde. Young people I saw enjoying their evening to the full were Viscountess Savernake in green satin, Miss Charmaine Schroder, Mr. Michael Bridges Webb with his attractive fiancée, Miss Joanna Fairtlough, and Miss Pamela Ruck wearing a lovely crinoline she had made herself, on which she had appliquéd motifs which belonged to her Scottish great-grandmother 160 years ago.

ALSO at this very gay ball were Miss Sally Whitelaw dancing in one of the set reels, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, Miss Richenda Gurney and Miss Ann Wilmot. No. 3 Highland Reel was very well danced by sixteen young people headed by Lord James Crichton-Stuart with Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune; also in the sixteensome were Mr. Ilay Campbell, Mr. Roderick Stirling Yr. of Fairburn, Mr. David Brodie Yr. of Lethen, Miss Christine Bridge-



man, Miss Diana Constable Maxwell and her débutante sister Miss Caroline Constable Maxwell, who looked very charming in a white dress with two scarlet carnations tucked in the back of her hair. These two sisters had come with their parents, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Gerald Constable Maxwell, who had a party of fourteen, including W/Cdr. Maxwell's eldest brother Capt. Ian Constable Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell's sister, Mrs. Hulings from Baltimore, who was attending her first ball in England.

The following day the Constable Maxwells, who have friends in all parts of the world, attended a ceremony very closely connected with the family, when the Most Rev. Archbishop J. H. King, Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, dedicated the Isabel Carden Griffin foundation at Medstead Manor, near Alton in Hampshire. Mrs. Constable Maxwell's brother-in-law, President of the English Speaking Union in the U.S.A., Mr. William Vincent Griffin, has given the house and property of Medstead Manor to the Order of St. Lucy, in memory of his late wife, a sister of Mrs. Constable Maxwell and Mrs. Huling. Besides members of the family, others present included Archbishop O'Hara the Apostolic Delegate, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and Viscount Montgomery.

★ ★ ★

**L**E TOUQUET this Whitsun had regained much of its prewar popularity. Hotels were packed, as was the Casino each evening, and the golf course was booked up right through the day. The record number of visitors included Viscount and Viscountess Bruce of Melbourne, who are very fond of this informal and amusing French resort which is so easy to reach from England (I left home in London at 10.30 a.m. and had arrived at the Westminster Hotel by 12.30 p.m.). Many visitors brought their car over by the Silver Cities Air Ferry from Ferryfield near Lydd, and others came by Morton's regular air service from Croydon (as I did) and a few travelled by sea to Boulogne or Calais.

Happily it was a fine and sunny weekend, so playing golf on the very good 18-hole course here was really enjoyable. It was hot enough to enjoy an aperitif out of doors, and to sunbathe, while I even saw a few Spartan visitors bathing in the sea. Other guests staying at the Westminster for the weekend included Maj.-Gen. Sir Francis de Guingand, who flew over

in a private plane, and Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, back from South Africa where he is one of the stewards of their Jockey Club; they were accompanied by their pretty daughter Mrs. John Parry and her husband. Mrs. Vernon Tate was staying at the Westminster, also Mr. and Mrs. Robert Potter who had flown out from Cheshire, Mr. Kenneth Davies, chairman of the Royal Aero Club, and Mrs. Davies, and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Miller, down from Paris where they have taken Viscountess Kemsley's flat for the summer. They are coming over to London to see the Derby and Oaks next week. The Millers were joined for the weekend by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peterson, the latter is mother of the twenty-year-old Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

**O**THERS staying there were Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy over from their fine Irish home, Bishops court, in Co. Kildare; also Sir Adrian Jarvis, Capt. Philip Glover and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Sandar Malik the Indian Ambassador in Paris and a former Oxford golf Blue, Major Peter Loyd, Mr. William Straker Smith and Mr. John Ambler, who all played golf each morning. I lunched one day at Le Manoir Hotel beside the golf club, where they have just completed a new wing and many alterations and improvements. Among guests staying here were the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry.

It was interesting to see how many young visitors were over there this Whitsun. Besides those I have mentioned there were Miss Pamela Weeks looking extremely pretty, Miss Susan Clifford Turner and her fiancé Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford Turner, Mr. Nick Ackroyd and his brother Tony, Sir Thomas Pilkington, Mr. David Bailey, Mr. Ian Cameron, Mr. Shane Ferguson, Mr. Robert Buxton, whose parents Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton were also over, Miss Gillian Ireland Smith, Mr. Victor Hoare (who had a run of luck at the Casino) and his cousin Mr. Francis Hoare, and Mr. Raymond Salter. Robert Morley flew over on the Sunday morning for one night, and other English visitors enjoying Whitsun here were Henry Kendall and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy.

Besides many places in Le Touquet where one can lunch, dine or have supper, such as the Ambassadeurs Grillroom at the Casino, the

[Continued overleaf]

Miss Marika Hopkinson, Miss Elizabeth Jackman and Miss Susan Dawson



Miss Anne Hood, Mr. Miles Towcester and Lady Zinnia Denison

## COCKTAILS AT 6.30

MRS. PHILIP KEENS of Kimpton Grange, Hertfordshire, gave a cocktail party for her daughter Miss Penelope Keens, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Penelope is coming out this year.



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. David Maclean in conversation with Miss Susannah Eaton



Miss Penelope Keens, for whom the party was given



Mr. Richard Westmacott and Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross





MISS SUSAN CLIFFORD-TURNER, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Clifford-Turner, of Hobart Place, S.W.1. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. P. Stormonth-Darling, of By Bridge of Cally, Perthshire, and Mrs. Stormonth-Darling, of Swan Walk, S.W.3

Yevonde

Club de la Forêt where Flavio had many guests over the weekend, and the Normandy Bar or Le Centre—where I heard the cooking was exceptional—there are many enchanting spots just outside Le Touquet if you have your car. Among these are the Auberge de la Renaissance which is about five minutes' run from the golf course, where you get a traditional French luncheon, beautifully cooked, which can be served in the garden when the weather is warm enough. Then a little farther away (about eighteen kilometres from Le Touquet) there is the Auberge D'Intext where the specialities are blue trout and chicken à la crème.

★ ★ ★

I HAD never visualized the Albert Hall as an attractive setting for a party till I went to the delightful reception given there by the President, Lord Pender, Vice-Presidents and Members of the Council of the Royal Albert Hall, to about eight hundred guests. Baskets of pink and blue hydrangeas hung from the ceiling, and other flowers were banked in profusion at the entrance to the auditorium and circular arena in the centre. All the boxes around this vast hall, which has recently been redecorated, were lit inside, giving a most entrancing effect. More beautiful blooms were artistically arranged around the little fountain playing in the middle of the arena, where there was a long buffet with delicacies all made by the Albert Hall chef. Round the edge of the stage were arranged five or six painted stalls (like French flower stalls) very gay with striped canopies and bunches of real grapes on vines decorating the front. From here white-coated barmen served trays of drinks, a splendid idea which meant no crowding around one spot, as happens at so many parties.

Lord Pender received the guests and Lady Pender, who looked most attractive in a pale blue shantung taffeta dress and hat to match, moved about the arena greeting and introducing friends. Among these were Lord and Lady McCorquodale and their pretty younger daughter Prue, in conversation with Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield who had only returned that morning from a most interesting visit to Rumania. I met the Dowager Lady Swaythling looking charming in brown; with her usual kind thought she had just been up to congratulate the chef on the very fine buffet. With Lady Swaythling was Lady Rosamund Gibbs.

Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted were both looking wonderfully fit after their visit to Australia, about which they were enthusiastic. The Earl of Dudley was greeting many friends as were Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, Sir Ian and Lady Fraser and Sir Eric Miéville.

Others enjoying this exceptionally good party included Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney talking to Mr. Oliver Steddal, Sir Ian Jacob, Dennis Noble and Mrs. Enid Cameron who, like several of the guests, was going on to the United Service Club. Here Rear-Admiral Patrick McLaughlin and Elizabeth Viscountess Mountgarret had invited friends to a cocktail party after their marriage that afternoon. This was a very gay affair, too, and around two hundred friends came in to wish them good luck and happiness.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch, who are over in London from the Continent for two or three months, gave a spectacular ball at Claridge's (where they are staying), for her débutante daughter, Countess Bunny Esterhazy and his step-granddaughter, Miss "Flockie"

Harcourt-Smith. Mr. Felix Harbord had done the really beautiful décor in the ballroom and suite of adjoining rooms. The walls of the ballroom were shaded from aquamarine to sapphire blue, lit from behind, with garlands of mixed carnations festooned from the ceiling, while white was the colour scheme of the two candlelit supper rooms, where exquisite flowers took pride of place; white hydrangeas in one, and heavily scented madonna lilies in the next. The far room had been cleverly turned into a night club with palms and plants, very softly lit, set around a second dance floor.

The supper was spectacular, too—not one but several whole salmon, and a number of sucking pigs were arranged with other delicacies on the buffet where Mr. Plesch's chef from France was presiding. The guest list was also remarkable—for a débutante dance. There were the Ambassadors of Cuba, Luxembourg and Germany with their wives, also the Spanish Ambassador, who earlier had dined with his host and hostess.

I MET the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Anthony Nutting, and other Members of Parliament there included the Hon. Hugh Fraser, and Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid with his attractive wife. The Dukes of Devonshire, Marlborough and Rutland were guests, and the newspaper world was represented by Lord Beaverbrook, Viscount Camrose, and the Marchioness of Huntly; films and the theatre by Merle Oberon in an exquisite embroidered tulle crinoline, Mr. Ivan Foxwell and Mr. Gilbert Miller, the latter accompanied by his wife who looked very chic in red; and racing by the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and his lovely wife, Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby and Mr. Jeremy Tree. Industry and commerce were represented by the Earl of Dudley, Lord Brocket, Sir Denys Lawson and Sir Simon Marks, accompanied by Lady Marks in red; and the artistic world by Mr. Oliver Messel, Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Felix Harbord, who received many congratulations for the superb décor.

I have seldom seen so many beautiful women, wearing the prettiest dresses. They were headed by the Duchess of Argyll, and there were also the Countess of Westmorland in white, Lady Roderic Pratt, the Countess of Dalkeith, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Lady Amabel Lindsay, whose parents the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke were both there, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, and Mrs. John Ward. Several débutantes of the past two or three years were present, quite a few of this year's débutantes, and many of the eligible young men—among them Lord Plunkett, the Earl of Brecknock, the Marquess of Hamilton, Earl Bathurst, Lord Patrick Beresford and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox.

★ ★ ★

JOHN WARD, the newly elected Associate of the Royal Academy, is having a very successful exhibition of his work at the Trafford Gallery. A great many of the pictures were sold soon after the opening and there was much praise for the drawings he had done during his recent visit to Rome. Among those who came to the private view were Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, whose daughter Victoria is portrayed in the exhibition. Mrs. Thorneycroft has since left for Rome where she was to be joined for the Whitsun recess by her husband, the President of the Board of Trade. Also there were Sir Michael and Lady Adeane, Joyce Grenfell, who came to see her portrait, and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck. Next day Sir Albert Richardson, P.R.A., looked in and gave the show tremendous praise.





## COUNTRY WEDDING

MISS PATRICIA SMITH, daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Smith, was married to Mr. John Gray, of Cheriton, Hants, at St. John's Church, Hartley Wintney. Above: The bridal party drive from the church in a Park Drag Coach

*Miss Penelope Robins, Mr. Nicholas Butler and Mrs. R. F. Hughes at the reception given by the bride's parents at their home*



*Sir John Maud with the bride's parents, Sir Harold Smith, chairman of the Gas Council, and Lady Smith*

*Mr. Kenneth Hutchinson, Mrs. Milne-Watson, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Michael Milne-Watson*



*The best man, Mr. David Gray, with three of the bridesmaids, Janet Barnes, Sheila Barnes and Belinda Napier*

A. V. Swaiche







*Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith, Mr. Arpad Plesch, Mrs. Arpad Plesch and Countess Bunny Esterhazy waiting to receive their guests*

## A SPECTACULAR BALL IN BROOK STREET

GARLANDS of flowers, playing fountains and translucent blue gauze transformed the ballroom at Claridge's into a moonlit courtyard at the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch for Countess Bunny Esterhazy and Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith. There were six hundred guests at this memorable dance, which is described by Jennifer on page 462



*The Hon. Dominic Elliott and Mlle. Florence Lalouette*



*The Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Gerald Legge*





*Miss Jane Allday dancing with  
Mr. Henry Villiers*



*The Hon. Joanna Cavendish and  
Mr. Tom Hustler*



*Miss Gay Lowson was partnered by  
Mr. Richard Rhys*



*The Hon. Susan Lever and Mr.  
David Higham*



*Miss Belinda Pascoe and Mr.  
Timothy Emmanuel*



*Miss Camilla Roberts with Lord  
O'Neill*



*Miss Caroline York and Mr. Barry Maxwell were others  
among the younger guests*



*Miss Alison Bradford and Mr. John Napier sitting out  
in the ballroom after dancing*





The romanese cathedral at Santiago de Compostela, the traditional burial place of St. James. The gate is an example of the decorative ironwork which is one of the glories of Spain

## THE HOLIDAY PLEASURES OF NORTHERN SPAIN

by Richard Graham



A view of the Collegiate Church at Santillana Del Mar

J. Baker

DESPITE the tremendous increase in the number of Britons visiting Spain, few know the maritime provinces along its northern shores. I suppose that people have an idea that for the sun they must go to the Mediterranean; that the bracing sands and fertile green valleys of the Cantabrian seaboard are no part of the Spain they half expect, that imagined operetta land of whirling skirts and stamping feet, thrumming guitars and clacking castanets, bullfights and fiestas; and, potent factor, that the region is difficult of access.

From the world outside there are no direct air or main-line railway connections, though there are from Madrid, and the long journey must be made by a succession of slow narrow-gauge trains until even these go no farther and one must transfer to a bus or a coastal steamer. It is not as purgatorial a business as it sounds and towards the end of this article are some practical suggestions for making it less tedious. On the other two counts of sun and scenery, there is plenty of both, the former not too intense, though quite strong enough for most Anglo-Saxon skins, and the latter, though in marked contrast to the parched uplands of Castille or the lush, sub-tropical coastline of the Mediterranean, invigorating and varied.

After passing the seaward foothills of the Pyrenees the first Spanish town is San Sebastian. By using the summertime B.E.A. service to Biarritz you can be there within five hours of leaving London Airport, while the Sud-Express brings you from Paris in exactly nine hours, so that the first lap of the journey is simple.

INDEED, it is quite possible that you will never get beyond San Sebastian, for this elegant resort is the summer capital of Spain and offers the visitor as much as any watering-place in Europe and, moreover, less expensively. Spain is not as cheap as some people say, however: you can, to be sure, get all-in accommodation for as little as ten or twelve shillings a day, and I dare say it is as good as you would get for the same money in Blackpool or Brixton, which is not saying much. Pay upwards of a pound, however, and you will generally get nearly twice as much for it as you would in most other European countries, though San Sebastian is more expensive than elsewhere, particularly in high summer, when for full pension at hotels like the Londres or the Continental you will pay nearer two pounds than one.

San Sebastian, although a comparatively modern town, has a beautiful setting with its horseshoe bay and back-cloth of mountains. There are several smaller resorts a few miles along the coast which have the advantage of being less expensive than San Sebastian without being too far away from it. The best known of these is Zarauz, about fifteen miles away, which has several good hotels, a first-class beach and a good golf-course, something of a rarity in Spain; Fuenterrabia is a picturesque village a few miles to the north of San Sebastian, just across the river which divides the French and Spanish frontier towns of Hendaye and Irun; and again to the west of San Sebastian are two very pretty fishing villages, Zumaya and Orrio.

SAN SEBASTIAN is the capital of the Basque province of Guipuzcoa and the inhabitants of this part of the country are hard-working and thrifty, and one does not find the shocking poverty associated with so much of Spain. An electric railway runs from San Sebastian to Bilbao, capital of the Basque province of Vizcaya, which is an industrial city having several small resorts nearby, but few first-class hotels, and my advice is to go on to Santander, a large resort and seaport seventy miles farther west. Alternatively, you might continue inland from San Sebastian to the attractive country town of Vitoria, capital of Alava, the third and most typical of the Basque provinces.

The main line leads on from Vitoria across the Castilian plateau to Burgos, noted for its superb Gothic architecture, and described by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in his *Spain*, the best aesthetic guide book to the country I know, as "the most Spanish town in Spain." The thirteenth-century cathedral is one of the great showpieces of the country and the decorative ironwork—a feature of most Spanish cathedrals—is unsurpassed anywhere; the other Gothic *tour de force* here is the fifteenth-century Cartuja de Miraflores, just outside the town. From Burgos, you can then take the bus—there is no direct railway line—to Santander, a hundred miles away to the north.

Santander is more for those who want a conventional seaside holiday, but has excellent beaches and all the usual amusements,



while the town centre is an interesting essay in modern town-planning. I personally would prefer to stay at Santillana del Mar, about fifteen miles away: this is almost certainly the loveliest small town in the whole country, the sort of place to be compared with Lavenham in Suffolk, Vézelay in France, little-known Amarante in Portugal. Like all of them it rises straight from the green fields, unencircled by any hideous suburban accretions: the tranquil cobbled streets are lined with mellowed stone houses, the exteriors displaying great carved stone coats-of-arms, the cool cavernous interiors open to the gaze of the passer-by. It is a place in which to spend a few days of peace, and there is a perfect hotel in the Parador de Gil-Blas, one of the *paradores*, small hotels and inns, run by the State tourist department: they are noted for the excellence of their accommodation, food and service, and though they are not as cheap as they were—full pension works out at about thirty to thirty-five shillings a day—they are really worth it.

THE Parador de Gil-Blas is contained in one of these ancient emblazoned houses of the village and its sixteen rooms are charmingly furnished in individualistic style; you should, however, reserve accommodation as long in advance as possible. Santillana is only a mile from the famous caves of Altamira, with their fabulous stone-age wall paintings, and other places to visit are the pleasant market-town of Torrelavega, nearby, and the seaside resorts beyond it, among them Comillas, another place at which you might stay, Suances, and San Vicente de la Barquera.

An inland excursion is to the Picos de Europa, a mountain range with wonderful views, where the State tourist department has established a small inn; a little farther inland at Riano, surrounded by the mountains, there is another *parador*, which I am told is excellent, and good trout fishing is to be had in the upland streams.

Along the coast the railway from Santander to Oviedo runs through Torrelavega westward, into the province of Asturias, on the seaboard of which there are more fishing-village resorts, Ribadesella, where salmon fishing is to be had, La Franca and Lastres. Oviedo is a large blackened mining town and Gijon (pronounced hee-hone, with the aitches as strong and guttural as you can make them) seventeen miles away, is a large port and an indifferent seaside resort. But farther west—

and here the railway ceases and you must take a bus or one of the steamers that call in at Gijon on their way to Coruña or Vigo—there is terrain little explored by the foreigner, and some of the places are delightful, though more suitable for the touring than the static holiday. Luarca is perhaps the pleasantest, a fair-sized fishing town crouched between the verdant hills and the sea, with sandy, rock-enclosed beaches and gorgeous wide seascapes, and there is an excellent and inexpensive hotel here, the Gayoso.

La Coruña, some two hundred miles west of Oviedo, is an entire day's journey by bus, but you can break it at Ribadeo, where there is in any case an hour's stop for luncheon, and continue the next day along the road which passes through wild and lonely country. Coruña is a town which lives in English memories through Wolfe's poem "The Burial of Sir John Moore," for it was here that this Peninsular War episode took place.

QUITE apart from these associations, it is an attractive town with glassed-in balconies stretching from top to bottom of its tall houses so that it is sometimes nicknamed "the city of glass." There is a hotel here, the Embajador, which is right alongside the sea, so that from your room you can look straight down into the lapping waters. Forty miles from Coruña, and reached by bus or train, is one of Spain's greatest historic cities, Santiago de Compostela, once—still, to a lesser extent—a place that brought pilgrims from all over Europe, for this is the traditional burial place of St. James. The quiet, ancient city is full of the most magnificent buildings, first among them the superb romanesque cathedral, dating from the latter part of the eleventh century.

After Santiago you should go south through the rich farmlands to the sea, first perhaps to Pontevedra, lying at the head of one of the several parallel *rias* which cut into the coastline, and having the newest of the *paradores*. Vigo, twenty miles south, is an important passenger port, which lies in a beautiful situation,



Eljer  
The Archbishop's apartment in the new hotel, Los Reyes Católicos, at Santiago de Compostela

though I personally would not care to stay in the town for any length of time and would prefer Bayona on the open sea or the island resort of La Toja, north of Pontevedra again, where there are several hotels including a modern luxury one.

Now as to travel. The journey from San Sebastian to Oviedo can be covered in one very long day and from there to Galicia in another, or you can continue from San Sebastian on the main line to Madrid as far as Valencia and then get the connection from there to Vigo or Coruña. But it will be exhausting either way, and if your ultimate destination is Galicia, it will be much better to travel one way by sea and the other overland by easier stages. You will see much more this way. The Royal Mail Lines run frequent services from London or Southampton to Vigo, and a third-class passage, adequate for the two or two and a half day journey, costs only £10, or about £15 in a most comfortable second class.



The church campanile in Cambados

IF you like messing about in boats you can take one of the regular Spanish steamers which ply the coast from Vigo right as far as Pasajes, the port of San Sebastian, calling at Coruña, Gijon, Santander and Bilbao, and you can arrange to break your journey anywhere you like. Another idea is to try and fit your trip in with one of the rather infrequent sailings between Coruña and Santander and Plymouth or Liverpool by liners of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, fares ranging from £8 to £25. And again, sometimes it is possible to find at short notice a sea passage home by freighters leaving from Bilbao, Santander or Coruña. If you travel overland at least one way, you will find that the return air fare to San Sebastian via Biarritz is £37 13s., or by train, second class, £25 19s.

If, however, you break your journey for a few days in France you can qualify for the handsome kilometeric reduction which French Railways give on long journeys subject to certain conditions. The bus fare from the French frontier as far as Vigo is about £5, but unlike train journeys, cannot be paid for in sterling in this country. However, it would be possible to make the whole round trip for as little as under £30 in fares, a good bargain for anyone who is afflicted with the travel itch. But however you do it, a journey to Northern Spain will be found deeply satisfying.





## The England Ball

MORE than 400 guests attended the England Ball in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. Above: Mr. G. Langley-Taylor, Chairman of the Council, and Mrs. Langley-Taylor, President and Chairman of the ball committee

*Miss Anne Shaw-Kennedy and Major R. G. Maslen-Jones*



*Viscountess Galway was dancing with Mr. R. Palmer*



*Miss Sheira Grant-Ferris and Mr. John Trehearne*



*Mr. Pendlebury and Miss Penelope Stockford-Careless*



*Mr. Robin Upton, Miss Juliet Ormiston, Mr. J. Hughes-Reckitt and Miss Sally Inglis*



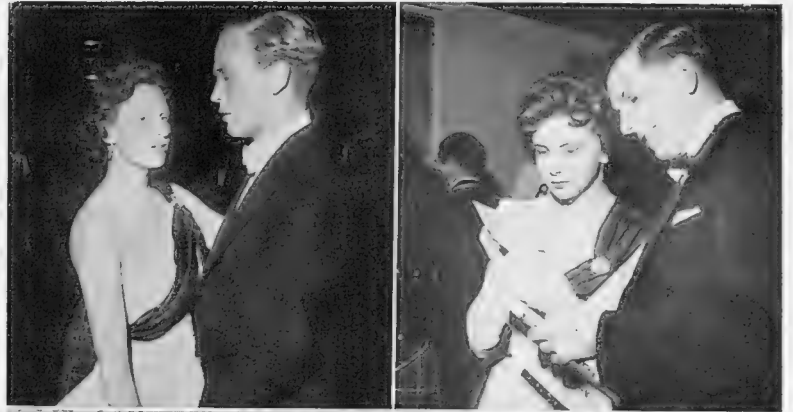
*Miss Madeleine Drage and Mr. Clement Mitford at Grosvenor House*

A. V. Swaabe





Miss Sally Whitelaw and Mr. Richard Strachan Miss Mary Abbott and Mr. Jack Whinney



Van Hallan Mr. D. I. Bryce-Smith, Mrs. Kenneth Crawford, Miss Elizabeth Curry and Mr. Edward Mulhare

Mrs. Ruaraidh Hilleary and Mr. P. D. Duncan

## Clans danced in Mayfair

THE Countess of Erroll, who is Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, and the Duke of Atholl lead the processional march to open the set reels at the 108th Royal Caledonian Ball, at Grosvenor House

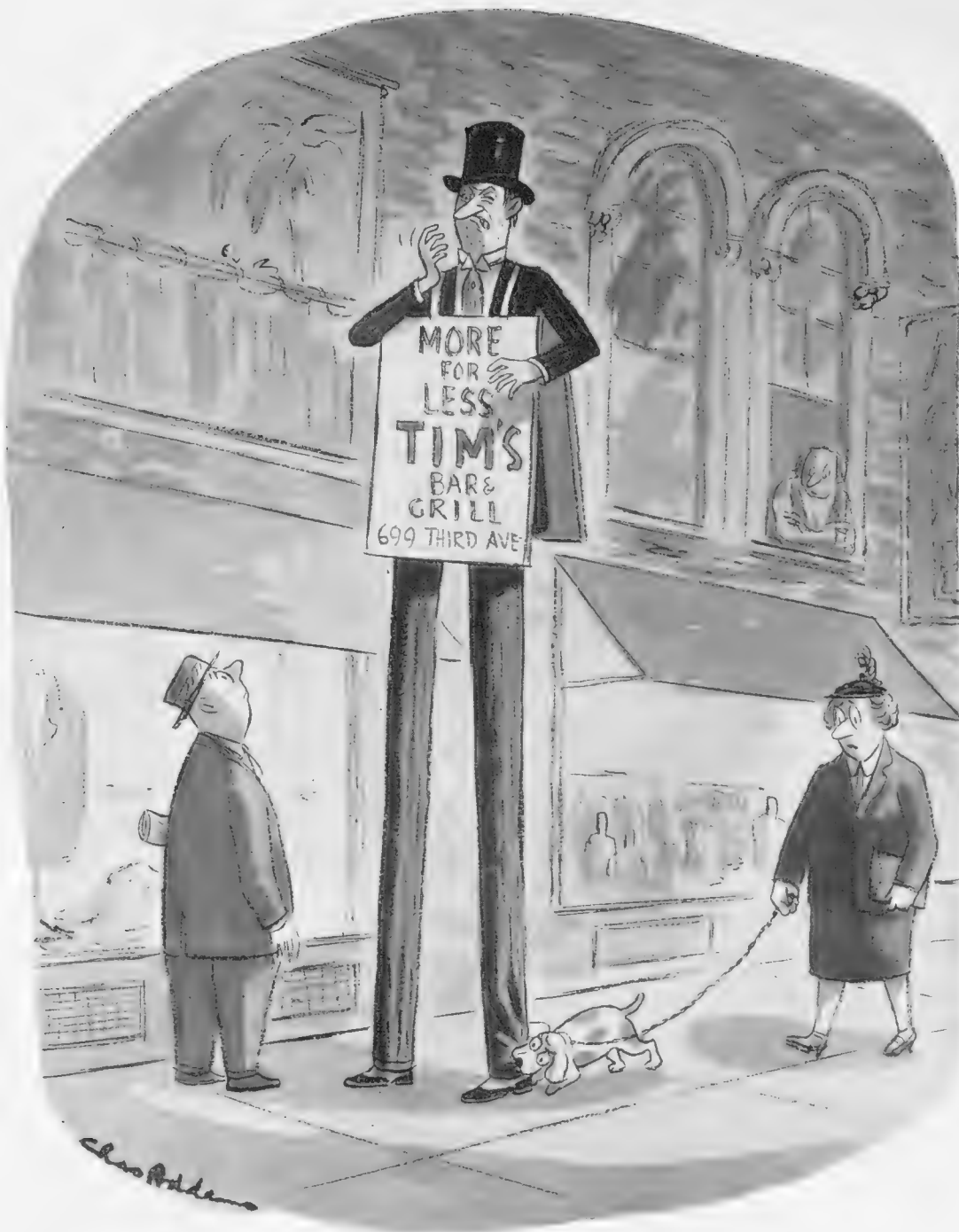


Miss Duguid Lesley, Miss Alison Mason, Miss Alyn Paisley and Captain Peter Newth

Viscount and Viscountess Stormont and Captain Iain Moncreiffe







## Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

THE Festival Pleasure Gardens at Battersea Park are an established part now, I suppose, of the London scene. But I hadn't realized until the other Sunday afternoon how compendious a picture of English life is provided at one blow of the eye, so to speak, from one particular corner of the Gardens.

There was a cricket match in progress on a field surrounded by deck-chairs, with families a-picnic on the grass and, among the spectators, chaps in shirt-sleeves and girls in summer frocks—some girls, come to that, in saris. I asked a flannelled and padded batsman, waiting to go in, what team was playing which, and he answered, very deprecatingly, that it was only—"only" was his word, not mine—that it was only the working men's club he

belonged to, playing some business house team.

"Only very rough cricket, you know," he said, "very rough;" and I saw out of the tail of my eye a batsman leaning into a late cut that was elegant enough to have adorned Lord's or Old Trafford or the Parks.

BEYOND the cricketers were the great, busy fountains, the Big Dipper curves and the helter-skelter tower of the Fun Fair, and beyond those again the tall chimneys, plumed with white smoke, of the Battersea Power Station. A view of Power, in short, and of two kinds of Pleasure—the pleasure of participation in a game or in a ritual (cricket, of course, being both,) and the pleasure to be bought at sideshows and from slot machines.

I have a fondness for Battersea, for its gaiety and prettiness, though I doubt whether

it will ever rival the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, upon which it was meant, I think, to be modelled. For the Danes learned long ago what we have still to learn—how to organize and to provide and to enjoy classless pleasures, neither exclusive and expensive, only for the nobs, nor cheap and in consequence a little shoddy, a little untidy, and in danger, always, of being a little rowdy.

EVERYBODY in Copenhagen goes to Tivoli. A summer evening, from princes of the blood to simple seamen from ships in the harbour, and neither is self-conscious in the presence of the other. Tivoli contains one, at least, of the finest restaurants in the whole of Denmark, and no end of cheap snack-bars; you may also find there dance-halls and a puppet theatre, a fun fair and symphony concerts.



Battersea isn't in that class, yet, though it may be that we are on the right track. The licensing laws don't help.

Over by the coloured fountains in the middle of Tivoli is a statue of the mid-nineteenth-century Dane who founded this park of culture and rest a century ahead of the Soviet versions—the only statue I know of that wears not only spectacles but a top hat.

Though I have been refurbishing my recollections of a few London statues that are not entirely to be outshone. The bald, bearded teetotaller, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, for instance, in the Victoria Embankment Gardens (a curious companion for that stalwart tippler, Robert Burns, his next door neighbour, a mountain of bronze set among beds of inappropriate pansies), whose pince-nez dangles on a sculptured cord down the front of his rumpled waistcoat.

Not very far away, near Waterloo Bridge, Sir Walter Besant, on a bronze plaque, peers through his boldly carved spectacles towards the office of *The Times*; and in front of the Westminster City School, near Watney's Brewery, stands a Victorian chairman of its board of governors, wearing both a frock-coat and an overcoat (with a handkerchief in the breast pocket) and holding in the same hand a wideawake and a badly-rolled umbrella.

THE Embankment Gardens, where I found Sir Wilfrid, are as pretty as anything of the kind in London, with their flower beds, their gay umbrellas shading the café tables, and their bright new bandstand, where the summer season will hear, at various times, a balalaika band, "Davy Jones's Nautical Orchestra," and the Guards. What with the effigy here of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the fountain of pure water set up by the children of the Loyal Temperance Legion to the memory of a President of the National British Women's Temperance Association, Incorporated (a bronze child holds out a bronze bowl above the inscription, "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink"), it is appropriate enough that one of the season's attractions will be a Temperance band.

Tiny here, in these same gardens, under the great cliff of the new Adelphi building, and all the more impressive for being so small, is the memorial to the dead of the Imperial Camel Corps of forty years ago. This is still, and always, for me the most romantic little memorial in London, with its pith-helmeted soldier side-saddle on his awkward mount, and the far-away names with Biblical echoes—Gaza and Beersheba—on the plinth.

★ ★ ★

WE are in some danger of being bored afresh over U and non-U, this time in the matter of food. *The Lancet* has printed the speech with which Professor John Yudkin played himself into the newly created Chair of Nutrition at London University—a speech on patterns of diet and of eating, in which he animadverted on "the preference by the so-called upper classes for brown bread rather than white, for bitter marmalade rather than sweet, for coffee rather than tea, for coffee without rather than with milk, for savouries rather than sweet puddings, and for the avoidance of such foods as kippers and tripe."

The learned lecturer went on to mention that some such preferences, not coming naturally, are cultivated by social climbers, and told, too, of the inverted food-snobbery of "Hampstead and Chelsea intellectuals," who affect a fondness for kippers and tea. I can't say that I've noticed this, on my excursions into these parts, or I'd be chrier about going. Not that I don't dote on kippers for breakfast.

I well remember being told by my veteran cook, in the middle of the war, and at the



MR. HUGH (BINKIE) BEAUMONT is the master mind at the head of London's most powerful theatrical group, H. M. Tennent, Ltd., and Tennent Productions, Ltd. As Terence Rattigan can be called the playwright of his generation, so can Hugh Beaumont, two years older, be named the theatrical manager of his. Now in his late forties, this dynamic man looks some ten years less than his age. He shuns publicity and the limelight and hates being photographed. His career began as assistant manager to the Prince of Wales Theatre, Cardiff, at the age of sixteen. Two years later he was business manager at the Duke of York's Theatre, and with his foot firmly on the ladder. The theatre is not only his profession—it is his life

height of food rationing, when I had made some timid suggestions as to ringing the changes on fish, that "a gentleman can't eat herrings for his dinner: not for his dinner." After long argument, one gentleman did, and enjoyed them very much.

What I liked about the learned professor's exploration of this debatable land between gastronomy and sociology was his comment that "somehow it seems easier for people to accept food nonsense than food sense," pointing

### SUITOR

She gave me one dance, no more. She has no heart.

She doesn't know love exists!

I've strolled down here, where the laughing river runs

By the pollarded trees' clenched fists.

I'll telephone her tomorrow—of course she's young . . .

Back to the house now. . . (Some day, she may regret

Making me suffer!) . . . "A wonderful night, my dear,

Just right for your dance! I've been having a quiet cigarette."

—Lorna Wood

out that people who could not be induced to drink milk and to eat vegetables and fruit, could much more easily be persuaded to take yoghurt, molasses, brewer's yeast, and wheat-germ.

Luckily, those who fall for such fads are usually rich enough to be enjoying an adequate diet anyway, without noticing it, said the professor—but there had come to light cases of harm being done "to those who have been duped."

All of which reminds me to record that on sale at separate stalls at Battersea Park are "ice cream" and "real ice cream."

★ ★ ★

ON the recent centenary of Freud's birth, a respectable American literary magazine devoted a special number, very seriously and very properly, to the great man's influence on life and art and letters, but felt relaxed enough in its homage, I was glad to see, to poke a little fun at his followers.

Of the characters in its two cartoons of psychiatrists' couches, I liked the young woman lying on one, who says, "I'm beautiful, intelligent, wealthy and happy—what's wrong with me?" and the man, not lying but standing on the other, addressing his psychiatrist with the angry, "First of all, I think all you guys are nuts!"

★ ★ ★

SO the South African Government, after all, is to schedule as a historic monument the little schoolhouse in Pretoria where the young Winston Churchill was a prisoner of war, and from which he escaped. Though feelings about the South African War in those quarters are still such that it is perhaps purposely left vague whether the building is to be preserved because of Churchill and of the maps and cartoons scribbled on the walls by British prisoners, and still to be seen, or because it is a last surviving school building of the old Boer Republic of President Kruger.

I lunched at the Travellers' during the war—the last war, I mean—with the man who shared a tent with Churchill up to the day he was taken prisoner—J. B. Atkins, now dead, who was the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in the campaign, as Churchill was the *Morning Post's*. How well the British press was represented in those days!—for it was with young Leo Amery of *The Times* that Atkins hurried off, towards the sound of gunfire, to see the famous armoured train come back without its trucks—and without Churchill. That night Atkins wrote to his paper of the uncertain fate of his colleague and friendly rival saying, of this journalist of twenty-four, that "if he survive these perilous days," he would take into Parliament "qualities that even his father had not," and was rebuked later by mutual friends for laying it on too thick.

CHURCHILL was reading Gibbon in those days, "in love with words," creating his own prose style, and learning the rules as he went along. Atkins remembered explaining to him what a split infinitive was, and an unrelated participle, advising him, though, that he need not be too pedantic. To which Churchill replied, "It is better to be correct."

Of the stories Atkins told me, I liked Churchill's own anecdote of those early days, of how the *Morning Post* had been very kind to his unsuccessful electioneering of before the Boer War, and had even allowed him to revise proofs, at the office, of the reports of his speeches. (It strikes an old newspaper hand like me as an outrageous concession.) On one occasion the editor was impressed by the youngster's modesty in striking out the word "Cheers" at the end of a reported speech, only to think again when Churchill wrote in, instead, "Loud and prolonged applause."





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
MAY 30,  
1936  
472*

*Lady Irwin presenting the Lord Grimthorpe Cup to Mr. Sydney Webster*



*Miss Joan Kennedy on Silver Slipper after winning the Ladies' Race*



*Major F. H. Horton, Mrs. A. Farrar and Capt. C. MacAndrew, joint-Master of the Zetland*



*Lord and Lady Grimthorpe were watching the horses in the paddock*

*Mrs. C. MacAndrew and Miss Eustace Smith following a race*



*Major C. Gibson, the Hunt Secretary, and Mrs. Gibson*







*Victor Yorke*

## Breathless moment on the fourteenth green

IN SURROUNDINGS of great beauty Miss Alexander (Came Golf Club) makes a long putt on the fourteenth green, in the Dorset Ladies' County Championship. Her opponent was Mrs. Pat Crowe (Parkstone), the ultimate winner, who in retaining her title carried off the championship for the fourth time since 1952. Mrs. Crowe's win in the final was by six and five over a fellow club member, Mrs. C. McPherson. The highly picturesque but difficult Parkstone course on which the Championship was played overlooks Poole Harbour and Brownsea Island



# THE "400" COMES OF AGE

• Peter Dickinson •

"THERE are so many stories," sighs Rossi in his unreproducible accent, "but most of them are apocryphal. Before the war they say there are in England only twelve natural silver mink coats—only twelve—and one night there are seen at the Four Hundred all thirteen. That is apocryphal."

Now for twenty-one years this apocrypha has continued, a gay institution on the happy frontier between fact and fiction. In that warm, dim room, swathed in crimson silk, the untrue becomes suddenly probable, and mere facts as unlikely as anyone could wish: the girl across the room may perhaps be Princess Margaret (she has her special table), but somehow it seems that she may just as well be part of a novel by Anthony Powell or Oppenheim.

This feeling of fiction springs, I think, from two things: first, the Four Hundred is, so to speak, so perfectly in character with itself; like the people one occasionally meets who were clearly invented by Dickens, or even Dostoevsky. The club seems to have achieved this quality very early; in only its second year it was reconstructed in exact and lavish detail to provide a suitable setting for the film *Dreaming Lips*, starring Elisabeth Bergner.

SECONDLY, though this is only a different aspect of the same thing, it is exactly what everyone wants it to be; it is like a wish come true. Just after the war, when I was an undergraduate and love seemed the best alternative to learning that the university offered, the Four Hundred was a place like the Hesperides where everyone was happy, and, what with deans and tutors, just about as difficult to get to. Now it hasn't, like the writers I worshipped then, turned stale; nor, like the girls I loved then, married; it is still, to my altered eyes, exactly what it should be. Friends ten years older tell me the same thing; they may have sweated the war out in desert and jungle or frozen it through on the bridge of an escort destroyer; in any case they could make their lives, especially the endless hours of waiting for something to happen, more bearable by conjuring up an imaginary leave, the perfect ten days.

When they got home everything had somehow shifted focus. There might be no trout in the river; there was certainly little enough of anything in the larder, and their wives were often almost as tired as they were. But at the Four Hundred the dream managed to remain true. They might have forgotten that informal dress and uniform were now, "for the duration," allowed, but there were the same small floor and good band, friends, the remembered comfort, and the bottle of whisky they had left unfinished at the end of their last leave.

AND there was Rossi; Rossi who had been there since the club began; Rossi with the square face and the delightful voice, and the smile that is a true smile and not just an illuminated address of welcome; Rossi quick to recognize some duchess through the baffling disguise of a new hair-do; Rossi patient and genial at half past four in the morning; Rossi wholly in command. I would like to have seen him at one of the famous moments; closing his doors, for instance, to the evening hats of 1937 and the first Dior short dresses ten years later.

I would like, too—but in fact any night is a good night to be at the Four Hundred. There is always the delicately maintained balance between privacy and good company, and on top of that smart and amusing dresses to look at and a chocolate box full of assorted celebrities. Fundamentally, a club consists of its members, and that makes the Four Hundred a largish and notable body, the sort of group who, in the eighteenth century, would have composed the whole of society. Most of them will, I suppose, manage to pay the tribute of their appearance during the club's Anniversary Week, which starts on June 4: there will be champagne suppers and souvenirs, and all the festivities proper for a coming of age. Good luck to the Four Hundred! I look forward to all its Jubilees.



"Rossi quick to recognize some duchess through the baffling disguise of a new hair-do; Rossi patient and genial at half past four in the morning."



Lady Loder with Mr. Robin Mayhew



Lady Elizabeth Clyde and Lord Beatty



Miss Susan Clifford-Turner and her  
husband, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling



Miss Mardie Madden and Mr. Hugh  
Beveridge were among the guests

Miss Melissa Dundas of Dundas and Major Alan Waldron



The Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Candiotti with Mrs.  
John Ward, buying a programme from Miss Frances Sweeney

## Ball to help the children

THE Pied Piper Ball, organized by the Chelsea Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. and held at the Hyde Park Hotel, was a great success, and nearly five hundred guests danced till well on in the morning. Mrs. John Ward, chairman of the ball, received the guests

Lady Edith Foxwell, Lady Daphne Straight, and Mr. I. Foxwell



Desmond O'Neill  
The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, a deputy chairman  
of the ball, and the Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston





Mrs. F. Beal, Sir C. Henderson, Mrs. Holden, Mme. E. Nikkis, Dr. B. Holden, and Mr. T. Willcox



Mrs. B. Hollond, Mr. B. McGrath,



Maj. H. Pelly, Mrs. Combe, Mr. D. Cor.

## AT LE TOUQUET'S GALA WEEKEND

BY DAY the many British visitors were able to enjoy the facilities of Le Touquet's fine golf course and tennis courts and the many excellent places for luncheon in this attractive resort, within such easy reach of Britain by sea or air

BY NIGHT the diversions included a gala at the Casino consisting of a dinner and dress show, after which many diners went on to the Le Brummel night club in the same building. Jennifer describes the weekend on pages 461-2



Miss G. Ireland-Smith and Mr. J. Rowe

Mr. S. Pleydell-Bouverie, Miss G. Francis



Mrs. Hollond (centre), Mrs. and Mr. J. Henderson

Mrs. Davis and Mr. Kenneth Davis







P. Weeks and Mr. B. Hollond



Mr. Derek Blyth and Mrs. Blyth at Le Manoir Hotel



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gosschalk and their daughter



Pelly, C. E. Combe and M. Masraff



Mr. W. Straker-Smith, Mr. C. Lloyd, Mr. P. Lloyd and Mr. E. Lloyd

G. A. Bell and Mrs. and Mr. Edward Bromley-Davenport  
were also among the holiday visitors

Mrs. R. Crockatt, Mrs. I. Buchanan, Mrs. N. Crockatt, Mr. I. Buchanan,  
Maj. R. Crockatt and Brig. N. Crockatt at the Coup de Foret







MISS PAT SMYTHE, here being presented with one of her prizes, is the first woman ever to win the Grand Prix Militaire at the International Horse Show in Lucerne, Switzerland. Her achievements included winning three out of the four chief awards and she was a member of the British team which won the Prix de St. Gotthard



## Priscilla in Paris

# GOLDFISH FROM THE INVALIDES

WE are having a satiety of fête days in this country, and since fête days and Sundays mean no letters or—to subscribers at all events—newspapers, the so-called fête is not so merry-making except, perhaps, for those postmen who suffer from corns.

A breakfast table (or tray) without letters or even a postcard is a melancholy affair. The absence of newspapers is far more easily borne unless, I imagine, one is a crossword puzzle addict. The daily headlines make rage-rousing reading at the moment. I suggest to the Radio-française that, as well as Music While You Work, Music While You Read might dull the ache caused by most of the printed words that come our way. Friends living near the Esplanade des Invalides where the fair is in full swing assure me that they find nerve-numbing solace in the gay strumming of the merry-go-rounds and the laughter of the crowds. But to appreciate the fun one must either be part of it or sufficiently far away for it to be a subconscious lullaby.

THE fair on the Esplanade des Invalides is not so famous as the Foire de Neuilly—known to the multitudes as *la fête à Neu-Neu*—nor so big or so varied in its side shows and attractions but it is in a pleasant setting. On warm spring evenings a breeze wafts up from the river and one does not feel hedged in by the canyon-like walls of tall “apartement houses” as one does at most of the urban fairs that move from one quarter of Paris to another practically throughout the year.

While rather nervous about the scenic railway, I have a weakness for the games of skill and chance at which one may win anything in the eating line from striped sugar sticks to gingerbread pigs or, if one is setting up house, from an “artistic” vase to a gilt-framed

landscape in “real” oils.—A young friend who dragged me, without overmuch trouble, to the Invalides one evening, won a live goldfish that was delivered to her in a small plastic bag. We almost ruined ourselves at a china and glassware booth trying to win a vase, varse or vawse in which we thought it would be more comfortable. I willingly admit that while we pursued these most interesting and intellectual pastimes we thought of nothing else. The grimmest headings were forgotten! But they caught up on us next morning, sprawling across the front pages in the heaviest type that can be used.

IN name the théâtre de l'Ambigu is one of the oldest theatres in Paris. It was built in 1767 on the boulevard du Temple, then known as the boulevard du Crime, and the fact that it was destroyed by fire in 1827 and rebuilt, on not quite the same site, in no way detracts from its romantic renown. Many people will remember Marcel Carné's fatalistic film *Les Enfants du Paradis*, played by Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty and Brasseur. It amazingly brought to life the picturesque but sordid



boulevard of Crime with its notorious evil-doers and, more happily for the enjoyment of the “under sixteens,” its famous players and mimes.

That the mime Marcel Moreau, who became known to Paris at the Comédie des Champs Elysées a few seasons ago, should have elected to plant his décors at the Ambigu is not, therefore, surprising. Of course it may have been a matter of the Ambigu being the only theatre available at the moment, but the idea of Pierrot homing to the roof-tree of his spiritual ancestors makes a better picture. Since we last saw Marcel Moreau he has known great triumphs in America whence he pushed off to Japan, where also he was made welcome.

Paris is greeting him with more reserve but this, perhaps, is simply because Paris prefers to create its own stars and does not care to be told what it must admire.

HOWEVER, one must record that the upper circles and gallery are enchanted, even though the boxes and stalls are inclined to sulk, and since the Ambigu has always been the people's theatre all is for the best. For my own part, seated in the front row of the dress circle, I had every right to be of a betwixt-and-between opinion. My sympathy went to those spectators who, towards the end of the evening, nodded in the stalls below, as well as to the gallery gods above who enjoyed every speechless moment of the production and were too happy to care whether they missed the last bus home or not.

In the stalls—before nodding time arrived—I saw their Excellencies the ambassadors of Canada, Israel and Japan, Jean Cocteau, P. A. Touchard, General de Larminat, Simone l'Herminier, Jacques Prévert and François Mauriac. A mixed bag.

The famous, eighty-year-old mime, Georges Wague, who holds a class at the Paris Conservatoire and who looks a mere, boyish sixty, congratulated Marcel wholeheartedly. “My boy, you have surpassed me!” he cried as he gave him the accolade, and with the facile emotion of the theatre world, onlookers felt a little tickle in their throats.

## Chapeau vil . . .

● The real success of the Picasso film at Cannes was the Master's bowler hat!





## STAR ON THE WAY UP

HIGH on the Eiffel Tower is Barbara Bates, born in Denver, Colorado, and winner of a long-term contract with the Rank Organization. She made her film debut in "Salome, Where She Danced," and among her other films were "The Inspector General" with Danny Kaye, "Cheaper By The Dozen" and "All About Eve." Her latest film is "House Of Secrets," a thriller which has been filmed in Marseilles, Paris and at Pinewood

Photograph by  
Harry Gillard





At the Theatre

## A SATIRICAL FAIRY TALE

**M**R. PETER USTINOV is a serious-minded man acutely aware of living in a world tormented by the endless traditional contentions of Great Powers. He is also a humorist who sees how madly funny the contentions would appear if they did nobody any harm. His problem as a playwright is to get his seriousness and his humour to mix in the right proportions.

He has to render his sense of things as they are in such a way that we shall not fail to recognize the reality of our predicament even while we rock with laughter at its essential absurdity. The attempt to cope with this problem may lead to disaster, as it did in *No Sign Of The Dove*, which was over-serious. It may lead to a comedy like *The Love Of Four Colonels*, which has gone prosperously round the world.

*Romanoff And Juliet*, now at the Piccadilly, is, I fancy, another globetrotter. At any rate, Mr. Ustinov must be satisfied that he has got nearer than ever before to the kind of play that he has always been trying to write: a fantasy which after a slightly laboured beginning, takes wings to charm and amuse as it will, without compromising its own fundamental seriousness.

**W**E are set down in a small European country which owes its preservation to a long history of inglorious expedients dictated by an instinctively sensible recognition of its own feebleness. Some centuries ago the only clock in the place began to lose time. Since then it has lost so much time that nobody can be quite sure what day of the week has come round. This hardly matters. Every day is a day of

carnival celebrating one or other of the historic inglorious expedients.

A local problem is the presence of the American and Soviet ambassadors, both commissioned to force the country to choose between western or eastern forms of power. But the country's figurehead (a general when he has a fancy for gorgeous uniform, a president when in diplomatic mood) is Mr. Ustinov himself, an almost fey embodiment of the tradition of inglorious expedients. He knows the magic in the air of his country and is far from surprised to find the Soviet Ambassador's son and the American Ambassador's daughter ecstatically in love.

The charm and the fun of the second act come through a succession of sketches of domestic life in the rival embassies.

**B**REAKFAST for the Russians is the meal at which they denounce one another. Mr. Frederick Valk is accused of dreaming nostalgically of the St. Petersburg of his youth; Miss Marianne Deeming, his wife, has non-party longings for a Parisian hat; Mr. David Hurst, the spy, is shown up as a reader of American detective stories; and Romeo's bold declaration of his passion for Juliet completes the embassy's discomfiture. There is an orgy of "confessing"; and Mr. Valk suddenly stills

laughter with a moving appeal from the memory of the idealistic makers of the Russian revolution to the sympathy of the makers of the modern police state.

There is just as much discomfiture in the embassy over the way. The tough materialistic ambassador of Mr. John Phillips envisages a Federal Investigation Committee at work on an ambassador whose daughter has played Juliet to a Russian Romeo. The flying in of Juliet's betrothed is in one way helpful. The cool young American of Mr. William Greene finding that Juliet is really in love with another man is only curious to know what it feels like to be in that enviable condition. The same theme is amusingly diversified by the arrival of Romeo's betrothed.



**A**MERICAN values are as much the subject of Mr. Ustinov's satire as Russian, and there is a delicious scene in which the president has a cut at all conventional diplomatic procedure. The final act, so often in the theatre today a dragging anticlimax, is in this play what it should be, one long *coup de théâtre* which adroitly and satisfyingly dovetails political satire with romantic fantasy and enables Mr. Edward Atienza to make a wonderfully comic figure of an almost completely fossilized archbishop.

—Anthony Cookman



Houston Rogers

## A GREAT SPANISH ACTRESS FOR THE WEST END STAGE

LONDON theatregoers await with keen expectation the debut of the distinguished Spanish actress, Conchita Montes, when she opens in the Spanish Academy Award play *El Baile* ("The Ball") at the Fortune on June 6. Shown with her in a scene from it is Hugh Latimer. The play was written by Edgar Neville especially for Senorita Montes, and has been adapted into English by Hugh Burden. Dennis Price also stars in it. Conchita Montes studied law in Madrid and New York before becoming an actress. She has lived in England, France and Italy and speaks all three languages.



## At the Pictures

CATCHING THE  
BIG FINNERS

**D**ESPITE its meaningless title and a commentary as excruciatingly hearty as a slap on the back from Carnera, *The Naked Sea* (when was it ever enrobed?) is a most fascinating documentary on tuna fishing—an occupation to which I had given very little thought but which I now realize is honourable, arduous and strictly not for me.

Mr. Allen H. Miner, an American ace combat photographer in World War Two, took time off from his peacetime chore of filming atom bomb tests to make a four months' trip with Capt. Joaquin Qualin, the handsome Portuguese master of the tuna clipper *Star-Kist*.

It seems that tuna are partial to anchovies, so the first job on leaving San Diego is to lay in a stock of this live bait. The little fish are elusive and over and over again a huge circular net is patiently cast and hauled in empty before scouting man-o'-war-birds obligingly lead *Star-Kist* to a spot where a whole shoal is just waiting to be taken and stored away in the ship's tanks.

The clipper, artfully dodging a chubasco (a particularly evil variety of hurricane), sails on towards the coast of Panama. Here a school of porpoises, leaping like hares, gives the sign that tuna are about. The bait is scattered, the tuna rise, a dozen men standing shoulder to shoulder begin rhythmically to fish—dextrously flipping the hooked tuna backwards over their heads to fall and flap, with a noise like wild applause, on the deck behind them.

**O**FF Panama the catch is small: Capt. Qualin heads for the eerie Galapagos Islands, where inquisitive giant iguanas throng the black rocks from which great volcanoes rise, plumed with smoke and rumbling angrily, while fierce fountains of molten lava gush up out of the sea itself. Slipping through the dangerous narrows, *Star-Kist* reaches a peaceful stretch of water which turns out to be a positive goldmine of tuna. The men fish until they are dropping from exhaustion—and night falls.

Capt. Qualin returns in triumph to San Diego with a record catch of 360 tons—and Mr. Miner with an impressive, exciting and even beautiful film which I warmly recommend, especially to anybody interested in learning how to make a living the hard way.

Miss Arlene Dahl, in *Wicked As They Come*, does not belong to that category. As a beauty contest winner, reared in a New York slum, she's all for the easy money: she comes to London to find it, having apparently decided that the British male is more gullible than the American.

Her first victim is a fashionable photographer (Mr. Michael Goodliffe) to whom, in a trice, she becomes engaged. He urges her to buy anything she needs, on his account, at the best stores. "I suppose that *would* be all right," muses Miss Dahl. "After all, you wouldn't get the bills until after we're married, would you?" "Darling—what a sweet thing to say!" says Mr. Goodliffe fatuously. Miss Dahl speedily

GENEVIEVE PAGE, a young and beautiful French actress (above), who is shortly to appear with David Niven in *The Silken Affair*. Below, Mitzi Gaynor, tall and slender with hazel eyes and tawny hair, is a versatile star who can sing and dance with immense spirit. She is starring in two Paramount films which will have West End premières this summer, *The Birds And The Bees*, a light comedy, and *Anything Goes*, a Cole Porter musical where she plays opposite Bing Crosby

Vivienne



Phil Carey and Arlene Dahl in *Wicked As They Come*, the cautionary story of a woman of prey.

equips herself with some exquisite clothes, jewels and a few mink coats, and vanishes—leaving Mr. Goodcliffe, a ruined man, to be unaccountably sent to jail for six months.

Mr. Phil Carey, a designer in the medium income bracket, falls for Miss Dahl. She turns him down in favour of Mr. Herbert Marshall, a rich advertising man—but when Mr. Marshall is on the point of seeking a divorce so that he can marry her, Miss Dahl decides to settle for his father-in-law, Mr. Ralph Truman, who is even richer.

The reason offered for Miss Dahl's deplorable behaviour is that she hates men because when a girl she was "attacked by hoodlums." This may be an acceptable reason to you, but I'm made of sterner stuff: I find no excuse for Miss Dahl—and very little for the film.

**A** WELL-ACTED and efficiently made picture, *The Rack*, sets out with apparent sincerity to discuss an interesting question: why did a young American officer (Mr. Paul Newman), who had acquitted himself admirably as a soldier, descend to collaborating with the enemy while he was a prisoner of war in Korea? He was never physically tortured, underwent no "brain-washing"; all he seems to have had to endure was acute discomfort in solitary confinement. Why, then, did he crack?

The right answer is probably that given by the Chinese themselves: if you are totally uninformed on the infinitely subtle Communist methods of undermining character and lowering resistance, you cannot fight them—because you simply don't recognize them. This is an altogether too unemotional answer for Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: they'd prefer you to believe that Mr. Newman's defection was caused by the fact that his father, Mr. Walter Pidgeon, never kissed him when he was a little boy. In one of the most embarrassingly sloppy scenes ever screened, Mr. Pidgeon makes good the omission during his son's court martial—and another promising film is drowned in Hollywood treacle.

**"THE BOLD AND THE BRAVE"** is not so much about the 1944 Italian campaign as about three men involved in it: Wendell Corey—who is reluctant to take human life, Don Taylor—a rigidly puritanical lay-preacher, and Mickey Rooney—a merry butter-ball, mad about other people's money. The development is fairly predictable. Mr. Corey must be taught to kill, Mr. Taylor must (with the assistance of decorative Mlle. Nicole Maurey) be rendered less inflexible, and Mr. Rooney must, I'm afraid, be bumped off.

This is a pity, as he is responsible for the best scene in the picture—when, using up enough energy to power a squadron of jet-planes, he wins sixty thousand dollars at a dice game played under a blanket in a tent during an air raid. Mr. Rooney somehow emerges as the hero of the picture—he, at least, knew what he wanted.

**Elsbeth Grant**



A COMING BRITISH MUSICAL with a large cast is the Associated British-Marble Arch film in Technicolor, *It's Great To Be Young*. The film is full of music from hot jazz to classical. John Mills (above) is seen in a new light in the rôle of Dingle, an eccentric, untidy and lovable schoolmaster. The seventeen-year-old Croft twins Leila and Valerie (below) are two members of the large cast which includes many young people and schoolchildren.





## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

## MASTER OF THE SARDONIC

IMPRESSIVE novels do, often, turn on questions of conscience. Angus Wilson's *ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES* (Secker & Warburg, 15s.) offers a fine contemporary example. This book carries weight apart from its size; it is of a Victorian solidity, though the viewpoint is that of the 1950s. Mr. Wilson has, apart from anything else, a technical ability rare today; he can afford to tackle both time and space. He handles a large cast of characters, and successfully rounds off a complex plot, which has sub-plots in the Victorian manner. And he gives us a hero in the tradition.

Conscience is represented by Gerald Middleton—distinguished, attractive, now in his sixties, and Professor Emeritus of early medieval history. Man of the world, he is none the less a man of integrity. Since his youth, and the outset of his career, he has been increasingly troubled by a suspicion. In 1912, he was near the scene of what seemed an epoch-making discovery: an exceedingly rude Anglo-Saxon image was unearthed from the tomb of a Christian missionary—one Eorpwald; who, in the seventh century, had turned the course of religious faith in East Anglia. The conclusion to be drawn was that Eorpwald had been dallying with ancient pagan cults; and Professor Stokesay, who had made the Suffolk find, had not failed to publicize the discovery. Upon it had been founded a whole new school of religious-historic theory, to which a number of scholars had subscribed. Is Middleton to bring the whole structure down, thereby discountenancing his colleagues?

FOR, the truth now forces itself upon him; the 1912 find had been a hoax—the disreputable image had been planted, and around that centres an ugly story of a loved son's animosity to his father. Middleton's tie with the Stokesay family has not ceased, for Dollie, the professor's daughter-in-law, has been Middleton's mistress for many years. And here, in his emotional life, he has again been at grips with an unreality—he has sacrificed Dollie, his true love, to his attempts to keep going a hopeless marriage. Ironically his three children, now grown up, show no signs of having profited by the sacrifice; indeed by their very characters they reproach him. Worst of all, in the life of one of his sons he sees his own mistake repeating itself.

Dollie, since the break, has gone quite to pieces; Ingeborg, Gerald's smug Scandinavian wife, furthers all phoniness, lives in a world of whimsy. Ingeborg is one of those female monsters in whose creation Mr. Wilson excels—indeed, all the women in this novel (with the exception of plucky little drunken Dollie and Rose, a dotty woman historian) are blood-curdling—though one salutes Mrs. Salad, ex-charwoman and cheery old kleptomaniac. Mr. Wilson, to be frank, sees almost all human relationships through a veil of grotesquery. He is a prime constructor of unspeakable scenes, which I must say one reads about with pleasure. Through *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* there

runs a vein of truly excruciating comedy.

The story gets better and better as it goes on: at the start, the many and not yet fully-connected characters are confusing—in spite of the list provided on the first page. Squalor, exemplified by Mr. Rammage and his Earls Court *ménage*, is not spared. But the book derives nobility from its central figure, to whom the following dialogue is a clue:

"You make a lot of your conscience," Mrs. Portway said bitterly.

"It's not *my* conscience," Gerald cried, "it's the good faith of a humane study in a world rapidly losing its humanity."

★ ★ ★

THE appearance of V. S. Pritchett's *COLLECTED STORIES* (Chatto & Windus, 20s.) offers us a whole view of the work of the most important English practitioner of this art. Here are the contents of three different volumes, plus (I think) one or two pieces till now found only in magazines. Mr. Pritchett completely breaks down the theory that the short story is not a good vehicle for character: the men, women and children we meet here—not one for more than a few pages—have a haunting permanence and reality: magically few words suffice to bring them to life.

For instance:

Mr. Murgatroyd was wearing a smart, new grey flannel suit. A pair of yellow gloves drooped in one hand like the most elegant banana-skins. He was a shy and important man. His eloquence was in the breadth of his shoulders, in the thick pink of his face after the first drink, in the full-moon expression of his stomach under the smooth waistcoat and in the polish of his shoes.



Mr. Murgatroyd is in one of the several pubs which offer a setting for several stories. For to an extent Mr. Pritchett's world has the raciness and fullness of flavour of a contemporary Dickens one. He goes straight for the English at their most English (probably)—that is, in the lower middle class milieu. The shabby-genteel delights him: small homes, small businesses, dim but tautly correct residential streets.

YET not a story he touches is ever drab; each has its core of character drama, its friendly showing of oddities—not least, love. He pits feminine guile against masculine self-assertion. Every event, somehow, is in a big way—such as Father taking his bath on a Sunday morning. "Enormous volumes of water, as if the Congo were pouring into the house, are heard in the bathroom, sounds like the breathing and thumping of boxers, silences so long that he may have drowned."

The *Collected Stories* open with one masterpiece, "The Sailor" and close with another, "Sense of Humour." Between these two the level, though always high, rises to peaks with "Many Are Disappointed," "Passing the Ball," "Pocock Passes," "The Lion's Den," "Page and Monarch," "The Chestnut Tree" and "The Voice." Your bookshelves should not be without this volume.



HELEN, QUEEN MOTHER OF RUMANIA, in a happy, informal mood. An illustration from Arthur Gould Lee's biography of the Queen, which tells with sympathy and understanding of her eventful and often tragic life. (Faber 21s.)



MR. EDWARD WEEKS (above), editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and author of "The Open Heart" (Michael Joseph, 15s.) Below: Sir George and Lady Robey, from A. E. Wilson's "Prime Minister of Mirth" (Odhams, 18s.)





Baron

## A young Canadian artist paints in a new medium

MME. SIMONE BEAULIEU is one of Canada's leading artists and her work, which is of exceptional strength and beauty, is being exhibited for the first time in this country at the St. George's Gallery, Cork Street. She paints still life and portraits equally well, and often makes use of ordinary coal tar in her paintings, as in the one shown here. Her husband is Counsellor in the office of the Canadian High Commissioner, and Mme. Beaulieu finds time to do a great deal of entertaining as well as painting





by

Isobel  
Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

Fashion Editress

ALL dresses with beauty and character for nostalgic and romantic evenings. Opposite: Full length white gown, bead-embroidered at top. Price 35½ gns. at Harrods

Below left: An evening coat in black velvet, lined with white rayon jersey worn over the dress on the opposite page. Price 31 gns. at Harrods

Below right: An ankle length dress in turquoise taffeta. 16½ gns. at Harvey Nichols. All these by Frank Usher

Right: Robita Couture's magnificent evening dress in gold and red heavy French brocade at Fenwick's; Price approx. 35 gns. These photographs were taken against the sets for *Le Loup* in the Roland Petit ballet at the Palace Theatre

## ENCHANTMENT IN THE FOREST



Michel Molinar



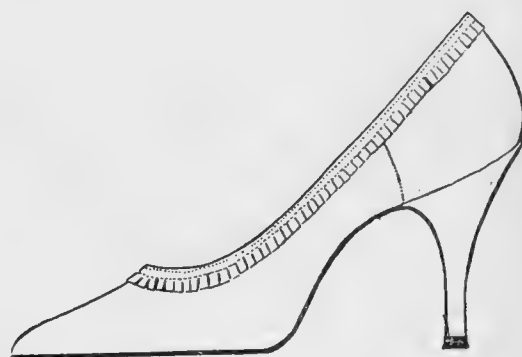




## ITALY POINTS THE TOE . . .

SHOES this year seem to be the prettiest ever—perhaps to balance the rush of flowers and tulle to the head. They come in lovely colours and elegant shapes, particularly the new Italian styles with their long slim toes and the thinnest of thin heels. Many of these stiletto heels are being made in aluminium and other unbreakable materials—certainly what is needed if one is to wear them with safety! The classic shoe is still here with its plain good lines which the British make so well, but the trend now is for shoes in every kind of material in a variety of colours and styles. Small feet are given their due and those who are not so blessed will find a wide choice to flatter their feet this summer. G. F. Hutchings's classic court shoes (above) are made in dark brown corded silk and have a narrow heel and are cut low at the instep. Price £4 19s. 6d. Stockings by Aristoc. Evening glamour from Italy (opposite page, below). A slim-shaped black satin evening sandal with a gold sling-back heel. The toe is embroidered in gold. By Ferragamo at Marshall and Snelgrove. Price £15 15s. Ultra sheer nylon stockings by Aristoc

Gamba court shoe in rose-mary calf with a white fringe and slender heel at 7 gns.



Rayne's white kid black vernie toeless shoe, 5 gns. at Delman, 16 Old Bond Street



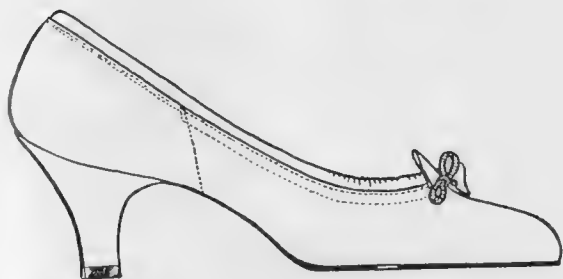
Sketches by Dign



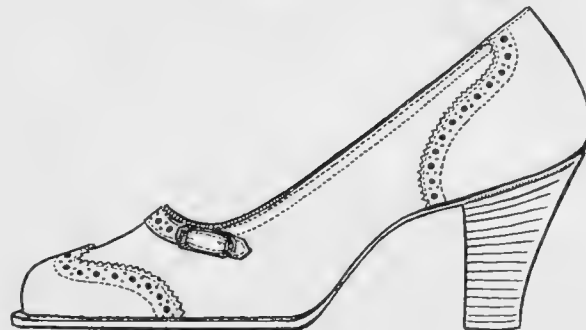
Top left: La Duchesse Italian hand painted white kid court shoe at 7 gns.



Top right: Holmes's elegant low-cut court shoe in beige calf with a high instep; 5 gns. at Dickins and Jones



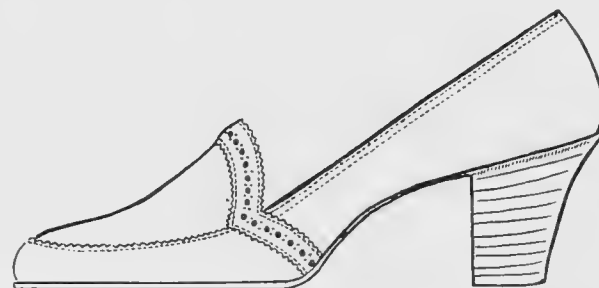
Left: A Brevitt court shoe with a low lous heel and a drawstring top, 69s. 11d. from Selfridges, Oxford St.



Right: Norvic's teak unlined calf leather-heeled shoe with perforated toe at 63s.



Bottom left: Gamba's red calf draw-string pump, slotted through and finishing with a neat bow. Price 6 gns.



Bottom right: Hutchings's high-lined instep shoe in perforated rough calf, £5 10s.







John Fren



THIS exquisite and feminine lingerie contrasts the romantic Continental with the young, modern and increasingly popular "shortie," and are all from Dickins and Jones. (Above) Foamy, shell pink negligee in nylon. The short sleeved bodice is a deeper pink satin, £29 8s. In truly Continental manner is the diaphanous pink and white nightgown and negligee set, trimmed with nylon lace at £21 4s. Right: The modern outlook in delightful matching "shortie" pyjama set in pink nylon and white lace at £7 10s.

## BOUDOIR LOOK







FROM Roecliff and Chapman comes this beautiful dress and coat for important occasions during the summer months. Right: The fabulous white satin coat, simple and straight except for the wide unusual collar. Approx. 12½ gns. The wide brimmed hat (above) with a Spanish flavour is in white organza by Rudolph

## SATIN FOR THE SUMMER

On the opposite page is the exquisite dress which is slim with a high Empire line. The colours are caramel and white embroidered satin and the price approximately 25 gns. The dress and coat can be worn both for day and evening wear. Eve Valere of Knightsbridge have them both. The coat by itself may also be had from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, in their evening separates' department

### CHOICE FOR THE WEEK









Above: Sporting 'belts—horses' heads, horseshoes, price £6 7s. 6d. each, and a horseshoe scarf, price £2 17s. 6d., from Finnigans.

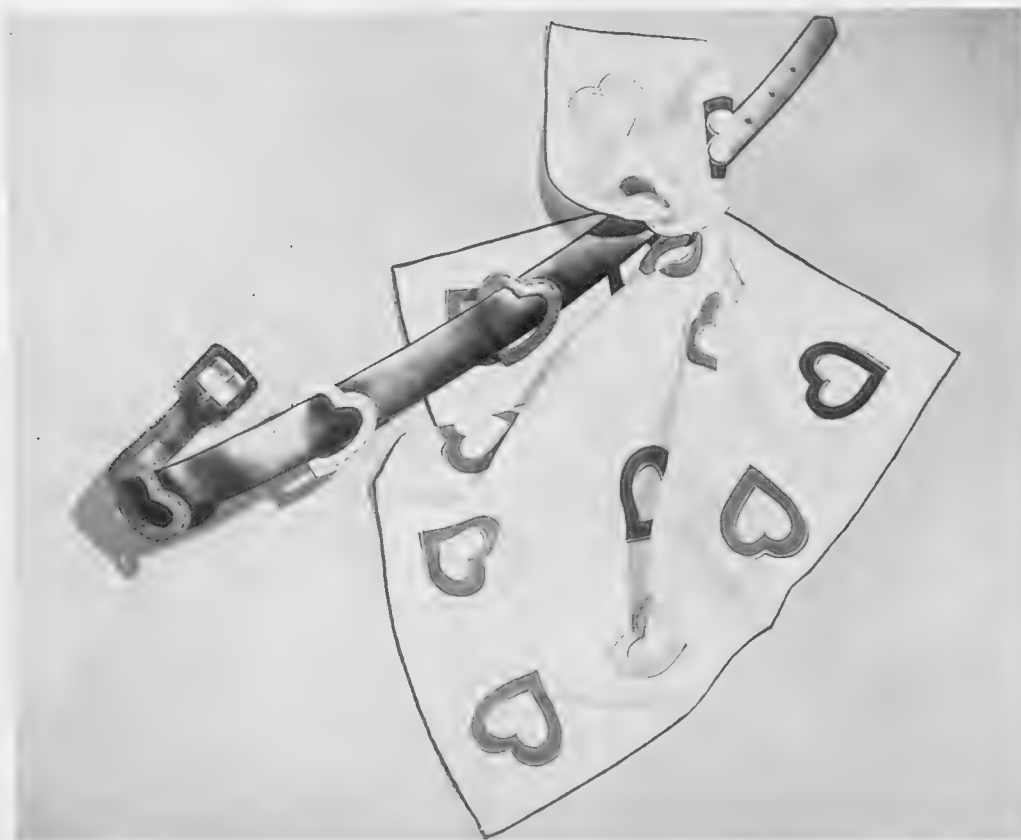
Below: Matching belt and scarf with hearts—strike a springtime note. Belt, price £6 7s. 6d. Scarf £2 17s. 6d. From Finnigans

## With a flavour of the Turf

*N*OW that Derby day and other great summer racing classics are approaching, with their train of parties, here are some accessories that are suitable, gay and different, not only for the paddock but for that festive occasion afterwards

—JEAN CLELAND

A Derby scarf from Jenners of Edinburgh with border coverings of red, yellow, blue and green, and winner's name. Price 69s. 9d.





Smart navy and white French gloves with that inimitable Parisian look which is unique. Price £4 14s. 6d., from Jacqmar



Italian black straw bag, price £3 6s. 6d. An Italian silk scarf in black and red, 9s. 6d. Finnigans

Below: Gilt metal necklace £5 5s. and metal ear clips, £2 19s. 6d., from Fortnum and Mason. Suede bag, £12 10s., from Finnigans



Necklace and matching earrings for that important party, price £1 10s. the set, from Woollands





## Beauty

## Summer Colour

Jean Cleland



IN a day or two the words of the song "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" will be justified with new shades of make-up and fresh ideas for giving the skin a soft and gentle flowering, in tune with the loveliest of months.

The outlook is still "rosy," and the current trend in "fashionable faces" is for the various pinks in rouge, lipstick, and nail varnish which are in ever-increasing demand. The reason for their popularity is not hard to seek. Pink, being a delicate shade, is "kind" to the looks. Young people like it because it looks natural, and for the same reason older women find it infinitely becoming.

In making a selection from the wide number of ranges now available, you may find it a little difficult to know which to choose. A fairly safe rule to remember is, that the yellower pinks are designed to go with all shades of yellow, brown, green (emerald colour) and white. These are lovely, too, with a skin that is beginning to turn to a golden tan. Clear rose and bluish pinks are for most of the pastel shades of blue, pink, jade greens and greys. They will go with black too, especially those of a more brilliant hue.

To give you a few examples I would pick Revlon's "Hot Coral" as belonging to the first group. Very gay, this is a perfect shade for a summer tan, and gives a wonderful glow to the skin. The "Lanolite" lipstick keeps the lips soft and smooth, and it is good news to hear that Revlon have just brought out a "Hot Coral" nail enamel to match it.

FOR the second group, there is an attractive new shade called "Gay Moment" created by Peggy Sage. This is true pink; a brilliant sparkling colour, which can be had in a "Stay Sheen" lipstick and a matching nail polish.

Between the two comes an entirely new series by Lancôme called "Étincelle," which is a clear rose colour described by Lancôme as being *between* their other well-known shades, "Rose Auree," and "Coccinelle," with slightly more warmth than "Impatience." A feature of "Étincelle" is that it keeps its true natural colour in artificial light, which is useful when one is wearing the same shade through the day and into the evening.

THE matching series in this new colour is lipstick, nail varnish and cream rouge. Suggested shades of eye make-up to complement the "Étincelle" range are "Vert Fonce" (dark green), and "Vert Clair" (light green) for brunettes, and "Brun" (brown) or "Chatain" (auburn) for blondes.

Eye make-up is very much fashion news at the moment, and of growing importance, owing to feminine frivolity which just now, is having its fling in hats. Not for a long time have so many flights of fancy gone to the head. Never perhaps, have there been greater extremes in size, as I noted at a luncheon party given for some women

of the press at the opening of Fortnum and Mason's new restaurant on the fourth floor. Against the fresh and springlike décor of the room (beautifully spacious and airy); these hats seemed to stand out in gay and colourful variety. There were the large outsize ones, and the little "wisp of nonsense" ones. Some were frothy with tulle, others blossomed with roses and flowers, and even with fruits.

Hats such as these draw attention to the eyes, which, unless they are naturally large and luminous, need a little subtle make-up to enhance their beauty.

To meet this present need, Revlon's have a range of make-up that does lovely things for the eyes, without giving a hard, artificial, or made-up look. There is an eyebrow pencil which comes in a variety of subtle shades—Birchwood, Ebony, Marcasite, Titian and Walnut. Mascara matches up with these, with the addition of "Evergreen" and "Royal Blue". There is, too, an eye liner for giving a longer look to the eyes by way of a soft line drawn out at the outer corners, and softly smoothed away, and this can be had in shades of "Blue Frost" and "Evergreen."

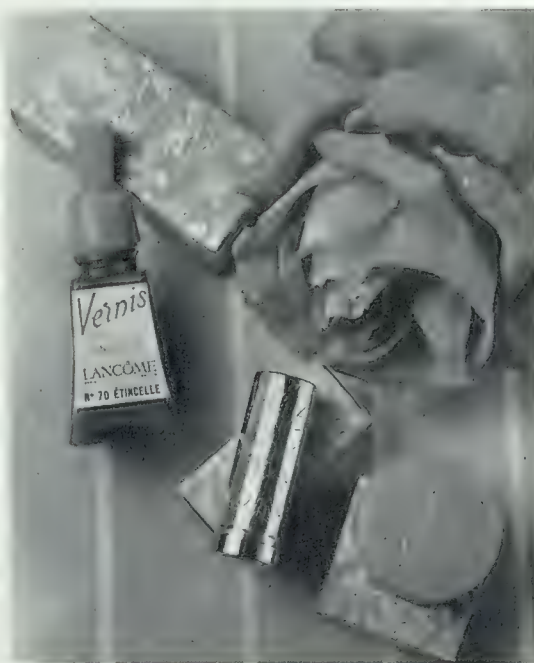
LASTLY comes a new form of eyeshadow, in a swivel stick container, that looks like a tiny lipstick. I have tried this, and can say with truth that it is beautifully soft and easy to apply. All you have to do is to stroke it gently over the lids (in the same way as you put on a lipstick on to your mouth, only more lightly) and then blend it into the skin until only a faint shadow is visible. Shades available are "Blue Frost," "Evergreen," "Ice Blue," "Royal Blue," and "Sea Frost."

Eye make-up such as this offers plenty of scope to those who are willing to be a little adventurous. It is no secret that it has, through the ages, been one of the most powerful of all aids to attractiveness, and handsomely repays a little intelligence in its use. If you are hesitant of using it for fear that it may look too made-up and artificial, remember that the secret lies in subtlety. Never use too much.

THE penalties of heavy-handedness in this direction are not so severe as they used to be, when a positively grotesque appearance could easily be given by laying on kohl and mascara too generously in an attempt to achieve mystery and glamour. Yet even with today's highly refined cosmetics, so greatly superior in shade and texture to the products of yesteryear, I feel that my younger readers especially need a word of warning on the perils of over-lavishness.

Therefore, put eye make-up on with a light hand, bearing in mind that gently does it.

It must never be more than an illusion, and with a little practice you should be able to create this to your advantage.

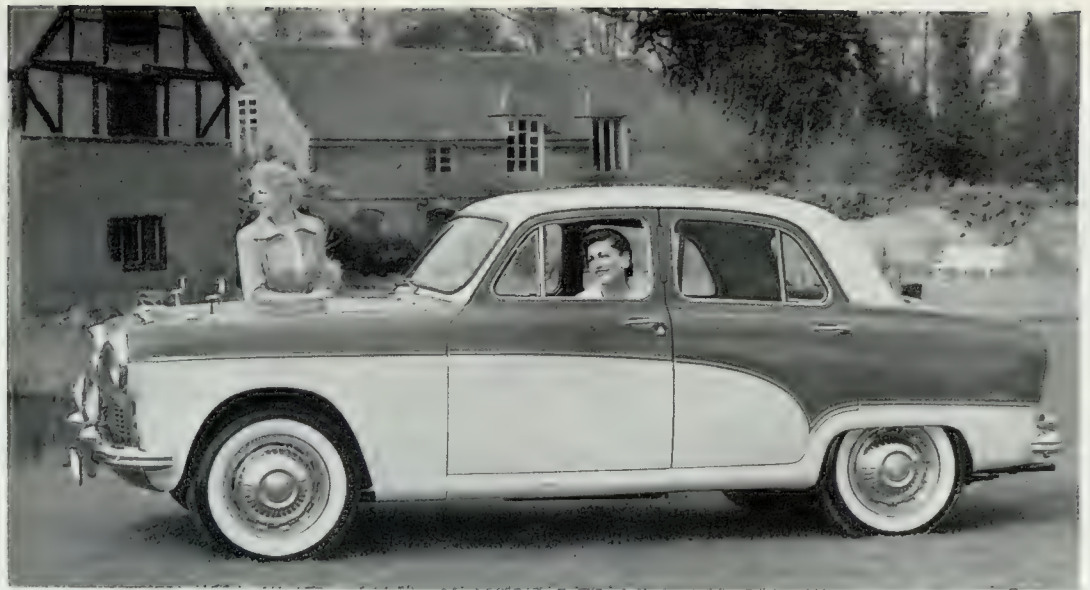


LIPSTICK, cream rouge and nail polish by Lancôme's in their new shade of pink "Étincelle." This is a clear rose shade which stays bright in artificial light and so can be worn all through the day and evening





THE NEW AUSTIN A.105 is capable of nearly 100 m.p.h. and is powered by a six-cylinder overhead-valve engine. It is a five seater and its equipment includes twin fog lamps, wing mirrors, hooded headlamps and vacuum operated windscreen washers. The body is finished in two colours



## Motoring

# AUSTIN'S ALL-ROUNDER



"CLOSE on one hundred miles an hour"; those seem to be the key words in the official announcement of the new Austin A.105. Since the information about this car was released a fortnight ago on May 16, there has been interesting speculation on the policy which dictated its introduction. My own explanation is simple enough; it is that the buyer of medium priced motor cars is always asking for more, and that the only improvement which will satisfy him is an all-round one.

Thus the A.105 offers, not only its higher speed, but also a fairly lavish general specification. There is the overdrive and there are such items of equipment as twin fog lamps and windscreen washers. The white wall tyres are of the tubeless variety and readers will already be aware that I favour this kind of tyre. The car is a five-seater and the interior has all the appropriate fittings. The price, inclusive of purchase tax, is £1,109 17s. (The basic price is £739.)

THE performance is obtained from a six-cylinder overhead-valve engine with twin S.U. carburettors. At 4,600 revolutions a minute it gives 102 brake horse power. So we have here a combination of the magic figure of 100 m.p.h. with the generous comfort and comprehensive equipment of a five-seat saloon. We may put it briefly by saying that everything is up a little.

All of which makes me wonder what the speed target for tomorrow will be for saloon motor cars. The number of cars that can touch the 100 is now large and within a year or so the ability to reach this speed will be on the way to becoming commonplace. Permit me, therefore, to make a suggestion which has the additional advantage of raising my favourite topic. Why not start talking about cars which can reach 200 kilometres an hour?

A few can do it already, for, converted from the rational and scientific metric system into the irrational and altogether lunatic British imperial system, 200 kilometres an hour represents 124 miles an hour or, if you must be precise, 124.27 m.p.h. And surely the psychological and sales value of "200 kilometres an hour" would equal that of "100 miles an hour."

JUST before the Austin announcement, that hard working body the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders gave the names of the honorary officers of the Society elected for 1956-57. Bricks are the things with which the S.M.M.T. is most familiar, for they are hurled at it in large numbers; but here I want to offer the Society a word of praise.

After all, the Motor Show alone should earn the S.M.M.T. some appreciation; but the work done behind the scenes, on statistical and other subjects, is probably as valuable to the industry. It is always easy to attack a trade association of whatever kind; but the ordinary motorist gains much from the activities of the S.M.M.T.

The new President is Mr. F. A. Perkins, founder of the company which makes high speed diesel engines from his patents. Dr. F. Llewellyn Smith, of Rolls-Royce, now becomes Deputy President and the Vice-Presidents now elected are Mr. Alick S. Dick (of Standard) and Mr. Geoffrey Rootes.

Some explanation is owing to those companies which send me accessories and articles of equipment for trial. It is not possible, nor do I think it would be right, to refer in these notes to any but those

things which seem to be of more than ordinary interest. Among those which have reached me during the past few weeks is a small calculating device which should prove quite useful.

It takes the form of two concentric discs in white plastic with engraved figures in black on their peripheries. Fuel consumption or average speed can be obtained by setting the inner scale against the outer and reading the result in a small window. It is called the "Galmilator."

NEXT there is a device for those who specialize in bashing the wings of their cars. It is a container of lacquer which is also a sprayer. I am sorry to say that when my car's wings receive a swipe I let the coach-builders do the repair, but they are often slow about the job, and in any event there are those conscientious people who prefer to look after their own cars and to do not only the cleaning, but also the touching up themselves. For them this seems to me to be quite a useful article. It is made by Parsons the paint manufacturers.

When I was discussing the results of the Mille Miglia I omitted to give one point which ought not to be overlooked. The two Sunbeam "Rapier" cars which came second and third in their class were fitted with the Laycock Positive overdrive. This is standard equipment for the Sunbeam "Rapier."

The most recent information sent me by a friend in Italy is that the Mille Miglia will remain a highlight of the international calendar in future years. For a time it seemed as if the strength of the opposition—danger to the public being the grounds—was increasing, but it seems that the arguments of the protagonists of this great race have proved successful.

—Oliver Stewart



A BOON to women drivers and passengers is the Pres-to-Fix vanity mirror which can be permanently fixed on to visors or to any flat surface by wetting the back and pressing it down



# Horrockses



**Williams—Rose.** Mr. John Williams, only son of Capt. and Mrs. Percival Williams, of Tregulow, Scorrier, Cornwall, and Aramstone, Herts, married Miss Patricia Rose, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. E. B. A. Rose, of Bolehyde Manor, near Chippenham, Wiltshire, at St. Marks, North Audley Street

## THEY WERE MARRIED

**Henderson—McMullen.** Mr. Alan Henderson, Welsh Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Henderson, of Glebe House, Little Hormead, Buntingford, Herts, married Miss Antonia McMullen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McMullen, of Thurston Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



**Chalmer—Crowther.** Mr. George Alexander Duncan Chalmer, only son of the late Cdr. A. R. Chalmer, R.N., and Mrs. Alec Chalmer, of Tigh-na-Mara, Narn, Scotland, married Miss Jennifer A. Crowther, daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. W. A. Crowther, of Thomson's Falls, Kenya, at All Saints' Cathedral, Nairobi



**Spencer—Baines.** Mr. Antony James Spencer, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Spencer, of Greenhaugh Hall, Tarsset, Northumberland, married Miss Felicity J. Baines, daughter of Lt.-Col. C. S. Baines, D.S.O., of Wincanton, Somerset, and of Mrs. E. J. Baines, of Warninglid, Sussex, at Cuckfield Church



**Neasham—Hopps.** Mr. Brian Lloyd Neasham, younger son of the Mayor of Darlington, Councillor J. Neasham, and Mrs. Neasham, of Blackwell Hill, Darlington, married Miss Barbara L. Hopps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hopps, of The Grange, Etherby Dene, Co. Durham, at St. Andrews, Bishop Auckland



## *Your place in the country...*

A man whose opinions and judgement are winning him an increasingly important place in the counsels of his associates cannot choose his car quite as others do. For him it must be more than the means of transportation; it must possess the distinction and carry the prestige befitting his position. The Wolseley Six-Ninety achieves all this and more—it acts as his bodyguard enclosing him in a restful, air-conditioned atmosphere of quiet comfort at the close of a harassing day . . .

The new techniques developed in this 2½ litre Wolseley provide an advanced conception of acceleration and sustained speed together with a welcome cruising economy. There is exceptionally generous accommodation for six people and their full complement of luggage;

wide visibility and temperature control; independent suspension and phenomenal road-holding. A sum total of attractive features all the more impressive in a car whose cost compares very favourably with others in its class.

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Borg-Warner Overdrive.  
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Wolseley Owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their Wolseley dealer for details of a free service to save foreign currency.



## DINING IN

## A lordly garnish

THREE warm days with plenty of sun and up pops asparagus! so plentifully that, this past week, for the first time for many years, it broke into the market in abundance at the price we expect during the "flush" season. And then came sprue—slender little shoots with, probably, more of the true flavour of asparagus than the forced "jumbo" variety possesses.

What asparagus needs—as, indeed, what all our crops have badly needed this past month—is a good, steady downpour of warm rain, followed by beautiful humid weather. Beautiful? Not for the city dweller but, for the grower, in the early season, lovely, indeed, with something of the quality of a hothouse.

When asparagus is cheap—that is, when it is plentiful—one not only serves it on its own in a seldom-used particular platter, with one's own favourite sauce, but also as a garnish for, or ingredient in various other foods. Favourite sauces? I have three: melted butter, Hollandaise and Mousseline. Or you may prefer to have it *à la Polonaise*, which does not blanket its delicious flavour, or *à la Milanaise* (with grated Parmesan), which does. I would prefer to serve it *à la Flamande* so that anyone who wanted plain melted butter only need not take the sieved hard-boiled egg. But why paint the "lily" of these lovely shoots which, generally, have so short a life that no one tires of them *au naturel*.

DISTINCTION can be added to many dishes, chiefly fish, by tips of asparagus or sprue! Years ago, I had a recipe given me by Gustav, the *maitre d'hotel* of a very good little French restaurant (alas! long since departed from the London scene)—*Delice de Sole Gustav*.

For four persons, fillet a 2-lb. sole. Make a sauce by cooking together, for 15 minutes, the bones, a *bouquet garni*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste. Place the lightly patted fillets in a buttered oven dish. Add half a cup of the strained stock, a small sherry glass of dry white wine and the juice of half a lemon. Cover with butter paper and poach gently for 10 minutes, to the opaque state.

In a small pan, cook a level tablespoon of flour to a pale cream tone in an ounce of butter. Remove and cool. Stir in the remainder of the strained fish stock, then bring to the boil, stirring continuously, until a thickish smooth sauce is reached. Drain the stock from the fish into another pan and cook to reduce it to a "syrup." Gradually add to it a few little pieces of butter, stirring the while, when it will thicken slightly. Remove, cool a little, stir in the yolks of two eggs, then combine the two sauces and rub them through a fine sieve on to the fillets of sole in a buttered shallow serving-dish.

MEANWHILE, remove the seeds from the "insides" of 4 tiny skinned tomatoes. Return the pulp to the "shells" with a little nut of butter in it. Quickly cook 2 oz. of sliced unpeeled tiny white mushrooms with a finely chopped shallot in a little butter and a good squeeze of lemon juice. Garnish the sauce-coated fish with the tomatoes, mushrooms and four groups of boiled sprue tips, each about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches long (16 in all). Slip under a hot grill to brown a little.

This seems rather a long-drawn-out process, but it is not really that, because one can prepare the garnish while the cooking of the sole is going on.

A simpler dish, one of Escoffier's, is *Fillets of Sole Lady Egmont*. In this, the fillets are garnished with thinly sliced or chopped cooked mushrooms and asparagus tips, with a sauce similar to the first one, glazed in much the same way.

—Helen Burke



CARLO, of the Isola Bella in Frith Street, where he has been since 1930, is the stepson of Micotti, the proprietor. Micotti first came over to England about the time Carlo was born, forty years ago, and worked at the *Rendezvous* and the *Ivy* between spells on the Continent. The Isola Bella has been under the same management for 33 years



Delia Dudgeon

## DINING OUT

## The amateur touch

I HAVE during the past fortnight been able to record several incidents in my "Believe It Or Not" book, guaranteed to be the truth, and for which witnesses of the utmost integrity can be produced.

On one occasion lunch was at a well-known club. I ordered scampi for myself and my guest and said that all we wanted with it was some melted butter. The scampi appeared and a waiter arrived with a bowl of iced water with some pats of butter floating about in it. He ladled one of these out with a spoon and placed it on my friend's scampi and then to our horror took a large spoonful of cold water and poured that over the scampi as well. I was able to stop him from a repeat performance on my plate and inquired for what fantastic reason he was pouring cold water on the scampi; he seemed quite surprised and said it was part of the sauce.

HAVING verified that it was perfectly plain iced water, I asked him to fetch the head waiter, to whom I explained this phenomenal behaviour. "Ah," he replied, "he only joined us yesterday; he said he hadn't had much experience."

Another occurrence was after the wine waiter at a hotel in the suburbs had poured out two glasses of Burgundy and departed. I observed a large piece of cork floating in one of them, and when the waitress turned up I asked her to remove it. As she started to fish it out she remarked: "I expect it was something you were eating and dropped in the glass." She became quite huffy when I pointed out that I had not begun to drink my wine, nor did I eat cork.

To my pleasure and surprise I recently met Alex Stais, an old friend of mine whom I thought was in Cyprus, directing the destinies of the Restaurant Hellenique in Whitcomb Street. I knew him for many years when he was with his brother John Stais at that very fashionable establishment "The White Tower" in Percy Street.

ALEX has converted what used to be an ordinary café into a smart restaurant and we had an interesting and excellent lunch. We started off with an avocado pear cocktail which consisted of half a pear partially scooped out and filled with fresh prawns, and a special mayonnaise sauce. This was followed by Taramosalada, which is smoked cod's roe beaten up with lemon and olive oil with a slight flavouring of onion and chopped parsley, which Alex describes as "a poor man's caviar." The third course was "Catania" which is his own invention, being an escalop of veal stuffed with ham and mushrooms and cooked in butter.

With the main course we had a bottle of Bacchus which is a red wine, soft and mellow, finishing up with Commandaria as a liqueur, a Cyprus dessert wine originally made by the Knights Hospitallars of St. John of Jerusalem from the vines of the Commanderie of Kolossi.

—I. Bickerstaff

# Waterman's **Revolutionary** fountain pen

*You don't fill it  
you load it*

**with a cartridge  
of real ink!**

## LOOK!

Revolutionary C/F is loaded with an unbreakable cartridge of real ink. As the barrel is replaced the cartridge is automatically pierced and fresh ink is ready to flow. No mess. No fuss. A completely dry operation so quick and clean you could do it in the dark.

## HOW IT LOADS

### THE CARTRIDGES

Unbreakable, transparent C/F cartridges can be carried safely anywhere, even at high altitudes. Each cartridge contains a full measure of fresh ink—Waterman's blue-black or royal blue. Cartridges are in packets of 8 for 2/10. You can buy them in many countries throughout the world.

## SEE - HOW IT LOOKS

Jewel-like C/F is quite the best looking pen in the world. The nib-section has been designed with an elegant inlay flaring back from the diamond-dusted nib. The cap and clip taper smoothly away to a polished facet.

## NOW - IN RICH TWO-TONE COLOURS

You can choose C/F De Luxe in Jet Black with rolled gold cap £5.18.6 or with matching pencil £8.1.3. Or now you can choose C/F with Astralite cap in a striking choice of two-tone colour combinations: Teal Blue and Grey, Burning Sand and Grey. Also in Jet Black with Astralite cap £4.7.6. With matching pencil £6.6.6.

# Waterman's <sup>C</sup>/<sub>F</sub>

## CARTRIDGE fountain pen

**GIFT CASES** Every Waterman's C/F Pen or Pen and Pencil Set is presented in a luxurious gift case which also contains 8 cartridges of real ink. A magnificent gift!


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I like du Maurier



 I like the cool, clean smoke I get from the du Maurier filter tip with no loose bits in my mouth. I like the good tobacco that goes with it, and the smart red box which keeps the cigarettes perfectly fresh from first to last. In fact I like everything about **du MAURIER**





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*Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes and Tobacco*





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find one designed to suit your particular

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mileage and complete dependability. On a

cost-per-mile basis there is no better value than Dunlop!

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Built for the motorist who must get through, whatever the weather.

The traction and stability of this specially designed tread sees the car  
steadily through mud, snow, slush and over wet, greasy surfaces,  
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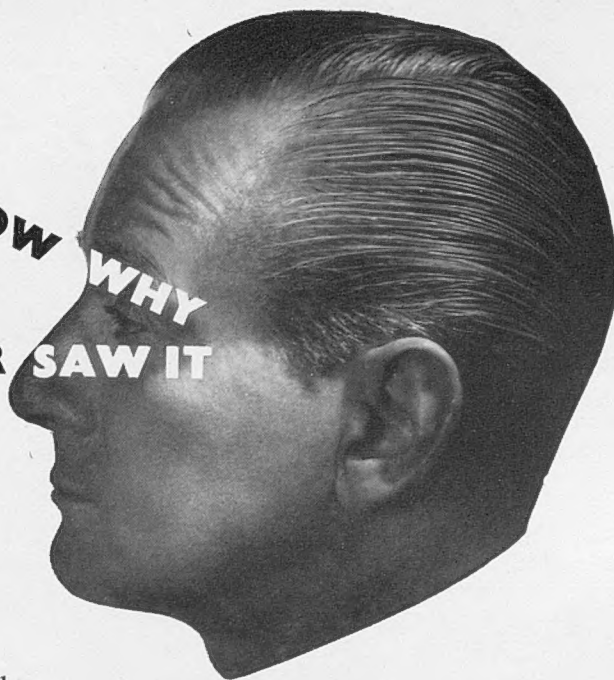
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makes a tyre for every motoring need!



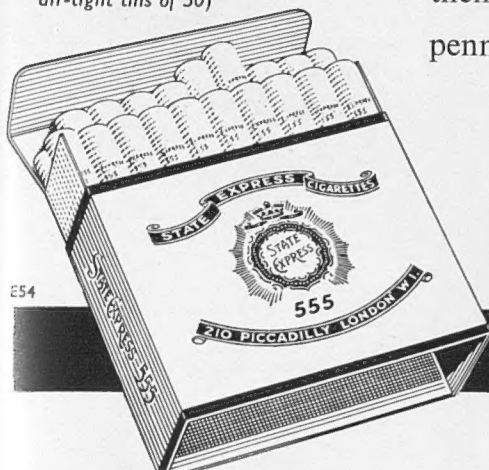


I DON'T KNOW WHY  
I NEVER SAW IT



but for years my standard of living  
had been going up, and my tastes had  
changed accordingly, yet my smoking  
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